

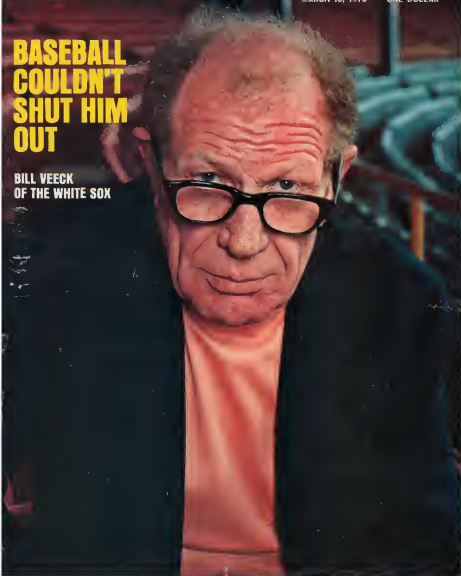
Sports Illustrated

MARCH 15, 1976

ONE DOLLAR

**BASEBALL
COULDN'T
SHUT HIM
OUT**

**BILL VEECK
OF THE WHITE SOX**



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Orange

Triple.....
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PARIS — FRANCE

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Brand D (Filter)	14	1.0
Brand D (Menthol)	13	1.0
Brand V (Filter)	11	0.7
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Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.7
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
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Carlton Menthol	*2	0.2

Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands) —

*1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine

Av. per cigarette by FTC method



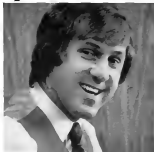
No wonder Carlton is
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Fran Tarkenton



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Bell System

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Next Week

THE BLUE MONSTER is an apt name for Doral's golf course—its 18th hole alone has been known to swallow players whole. Dan Jenkins will watch the pros beard the beast and tell who survives.

NO ROCKET or Lamplighter remains on the Canadiens, but with their fine Gallic flavor, Guy Lafleur, they are scenting postseason bouquets for the Montreal Forum fans. J. D. Reed reports.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly except one issue per year and by Time Inc. 845 W. Tennessee St. Chicago, IL 60611; principal office: New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801. J. R. Shapiro, President; E. P. Langham, Treasurer; C. R. Best, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the U.S. \$18.00 a year.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The recruiting of big-time college football prospects is usually a tedious and debilitating business, one that reduces many head coaches to clipboard-toting Willy Lomans. Proof that it need not be that way is provided in *Say 'Cheese, Mow and Pop* by D. Keith Mano, which begins on page 40.

Mano, a self-described "camp follower" of Columbia University football, became a big-time recruiter by association when he shadowed Penn State Coach Joe Paterno. "There's really no comparison between the kind of kids Paterno recruits and the ones who wind up at Columbia," says Mano. "How-

players of middle-class backgrounds never encountered by recruiter Paterno. "To play football for Columbia, a kid either has to be very rich and very intelligent, which is rare, or very intelligent and very poor, which is also rare," says Mano. But he continues the quest. As an undergraduate Mano never set foot in Baker Field. His involvement with the Lions' football program evolved from an incident in the spring of 1968, when he returned to Columbia to protest the takeover of the school's administration building by radical students. "One day I found myself watching the demonstrators throw pickle jars at a building," he says. "They were trying to put them through the windows, but because most liberals lack the necessary motor skills to throw straight, the jars kept shattering against the walls."

Suddenly a squad of New York police arrived, mistook Mano for a demonstrator and hustled him off to jail. "I had borrowed a jacket from a friend right before the cops came, and in the confusion I lost track of him," says Mano. "Later we arranged to meet at a Harvard-Columbia game so I could return the jacket. I have been a Columbia football groupie ever since."

When Mano is not on assignment for SI, working on a novel—he is on his seventh—or helping run the family cement business, he is often composing reports for Columbia Coach Bill Campbell. "Sometimes I'll spend as much as a week writing a 20-page assessment of kids in my area, but most of the stuff is so complicated I doubt the coaches understand it," Mano says.

"Keith doesn't live in a great area for football talent," says Campbell. "Still he embellishes every scouting report with incredible detail. He's been a real help to us, but to be quite honest, I don't exactly know where he came from. He just appeared one day."

For a football program in need of all the help it can get, even convoluted scouting reports might be considered Mano from heaven.

Sack Meyer



MANO'S GOAL: TO RESTORE THE ROAR

ever, I took very careful notes on a couple of 6'8" linemen he visited, and if Penn State doesn't want them, I know Columbia does."

Mano's dedication to Columbia football—he even occasionally attends practices—puts him in a very select group, since the Lions (2-7) drew an average of only 4,835 fans per game last season. In an attempt to buoy Columbia's football fortunes, Mano has spent countless hours scouring high school fields near his home in Blooming Grove, N.Y., for good players interested in attending his alma mater.

Since the Ivy League awards scholarships only on the basis of need, recruiter Mano faces a dilemma involving

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREANER

WAR OVER ORR

Bobby Orr, who has been sidelined with knee trouble since November, may not play anymore this season and, indeed, may never play for the Boston Bruins again. Or so says his agent, Alan Eagleson, who has been trying to negotiate a new contract for his star client since last summer. Whatever happens, Orr's future will have a profound effect on the National Hockey League's future.

Orr's five-year, \$200,000-plus contract with the Bruins expires on June 1. Eagleson originally suggested an increase to \$500,000 on an unconditional five-year contract but raised that to a somewhat vague \$10 million lifetime package last summer after receiving a \$6.5 million bid for Orr's services from the now defunct Minnesota Fighting Saints of the World Hockey Association. In round figures the Bruins originally offered \$325,000, upped that to \$500,000 after Minnesota came into the picture and, after Orr's knee was twice operated on last fall, lowered it to \$350,000 for five years, with provisions for reduced payments if he is injured yet again.

And that's where it stands. Eagleson accuses the Bruins of being heartless. "They're not giving Bobby five cents worth of security," he snaps. "They don't look at the record book and see what he has done for the team. Or recognize that Bobby Orr gave his knees for the Bruins."

Eagleson says he may offer Orr's services to other NHL clubs when the player's contract with the Bruins expires in June. An agreement reached last autumn between the owners and the players includes a provision that obliges the team signing such a free agent to compensate the team that loses him. Eagleson, who is executive director of the Players Association but who has put off signing that agreement, says Orr has a "very special contract" that exempts him from this provision. But NHL President Clarence Campbell denies this, saying no player is exempt.

If Orr attempts to sign with another team and is rebuffed, or if he signs and Boston is not compensated, litigation will certainly ensue. The peace that appeared to come to the NHL with last fall's agreement will disappear. As one NHL club official warned, "We'll have a war."

JOY IN THE PLAYGROUND

The all-consuming demand for victory in sport calls to mind the comments of Marquette basketball Coach Al McGuire on the carefree behavior last year of his star guard, Butch Lee.

"I'd take him out of a game," McGuire says, "and he'd be up and down the bench slapping hands with the guys. I'd say, 'Hey, Butch, what are you doing? We're down by nine points.'"

"It's tough to get players like Butch to realize this. They're so used to playground games. Everybody just comes and plays. The game is just for the joy of playing. Somebody beats somebody else, and then they all go down to the corner and have hot dogs and a Coke."

WHODOSH?

No one seems able to recall a football team with the sheer speed that the University of Florida expects next season. At flanker will be freshman Houston McTear, co-holder of the world record (9.0) in the 100-yard dash. At running back will be junior Willie Wilder, a 6'3" 195-pounder who ran a 6.0 in the indoor 60-yard dash this winter. At quarterback will be junior Terry Mcount, a 9.5 sprinter who used to be a flanker. And at fullback will be the slow man, Robert Morgan, who at 6'2" and 219 pounds runs the 100 in a plodding 9.8.

CALL OF THE WILD

Speaking of Florida, 1976 has not been a good year for Woody Hayes of Ohio State. First there was the Rose Bowl, and now Joe Portale. Portale is a 6'3" half-back from Cleveland who had indicated he was going to Ohio State and who had been to the campus on a recruiting visit

His roommate during that visit was Scott Brantley, an All-America high school linebacker from Ocala, Fla. Brantley was leaning toward the University of Florida but had come to Ohio State to see what it was like.

After two days with Brantley, two days of small talk about balmy breezes, swaying palms, suntanned girls and whatever else a youngster from Florida would tell a kid from Cleveland, Portale announced he would not decide definitely on Ohio State until after he had visited the University of Florida.

When he left Cleveland, snow was falling at the airport. During his two days in Gainesville the temperature nudged 82°. Result: Portale and Brantley have signed letters of intent with Florida.

DEAR OLD ARMY TEAM

On Oct. 8, 1975 President Ford signed into law a bill directing all service academies to accept women. Harrumphs were heard from the Rockies (Air Force) to



Chesapeake Bay (Navy), and at West Point the superintendent, Lieut. General Sadnes Berry, supposedly considered resigning his commission rather than face an invasion by females. After 174 years of "males only," the addition of females to the Long Gray Line was about as welcome as another Benedict Arnold. However, this case of mind-set was temporary, and preparations are under way for the arrival of some 100 women cadets on July 7.

Last year, after testing more than 2,000 women between the ages of 17 and 22, the Military Academy decided that be-

continued

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performance
TELEVISION



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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

cause of an inherent lack of upper-body strength women could not pass the Physical Aptitude Examination. Few women could do even one pull-up, and fewer than one-tenth of 1% of those tested managed the Academy's minimum requirement of six. West Point therefore substituted a "flexed arm hang" for women candidates, but wondered whether other programs, such as the rugged seven weeks of training that is sometimes known as Beast Barracks, would also have to be modified.

To find out, a 10-week program called "Project 60" was started this January. During Project 60, which ends this week, a group of 20 girls from a neighboring high school did the same calisthenics, "gorilla drills," and running exercises as those done during Beast Barracks. A second group of 20 girls undertook a strength-training program that included bicep curls, bench presses and leg extensions on body-building machines; while a third group, serving as a control, did no more than normal, everyday physical activity. "At times I thought I was going to die, but I kept running," said one panting volunteer in the Beast Barracks group after completing an 8.15-mile run dressed in combat boots and carrying a nine-pound M-14 rifle.

At Annapolis, Navy brass were anxiously awaiting the results of Army's Project 60. Says the athletic director, Captain John Coppedge, "There's no telling how our women plebes will fare, but we will modify our physical education program on the basis of the West Point tests." Go Army, help Navy.

IN DEPTH

Houghton Academy, a small private high school in western New York State with a student body of 65 students, only 38 of whom are boys, has set what it feels is a national, and perhaps international, record for one basketball game. During a 47-39 win over Faith Christian Academy of Buffalo, Houghton used 21 players, every man on the varsity and junior varsity squads. More than that, all 21 of them scored.

"Many of our players would never make the squad at an average high school," concedes Coach Phil Stockin. "Our emphasis is on participation. We try to get as many students as possible involved. I guess this game carried that philosophy to its zenith."

Three Houghton players shared team

scoring honors—with four points each. One man had three points, 15 had two apiece, two had one. "We kept two bull-handlers in," Stockin explains, "and they concentrated on leading everybody. The last player scored with 35 seconds left."

THE BOB AND BUD SHOW

Seldom have the negotiations of a business deal been as public as those having to do with the sale of the San Francisco Giants. Former Owner Horace Stoneham's financial difficulties with the Giants, his going into debt to the National League, the aborted transfer of the team to Toronto, the on-again-off-again sale to Bob Lurie and Bob Short, the abrupt departure of Short from the negotiations, the sudden appearance of Bud Herseth, the final sale of the club to Lurie and Herseth—all were known publicly almost as soon as they happened. But who are Lurie and Herseth?

Lurie, 47, short and stout (5'7", 180 pounds), is the unobtrusive son of a famous San Francisco extrovert, Louis Lurie, who died three years ago. The elder Lurie, Chicago-born, began as a newsboy, made millions in real estate, was a close friend of politicians, socialites, actors and wheeler-dealers, and was a daily habitué of Jack's, one of San Francisco's renowned restaurants. His son ("He's worth \$26 million in his own name," his father once said) has most of his wealth in real estate, which may explain why he was unable to come up with more than \$4 million when he learned the Giants were for sale. A 10-handicap golfer, a domino and gin-rummy player, a diligent businessman who seldom attended his father's lively luncheons at Jack's, Lurie became a member of the Giants' board of directors 15 years ago but had little to say, although he was a close friend of Charles S. (Chub) Feeney, Stoneham's nephew and *de facto* general manager of the Giants before he became National League president six years ago. Now in the spotlight at last, Lurie has impressed San Franciscans with his warm smile and easy manner. "We'll turn it around," he promises. "We're going to make baseball an enjoyment again."

His partner, Bud Herseth, is 55, 6'6" (6 feet, 210 pounds), energetic, open. Born in South Dakota, he began working in cattle with his father when he was only eight. He went to Indiana University, dropped out, moved to Phoenix be-

cause of sinus trouble, founded the Herseth Meat Company and made a fortune. "We kill about as many head as Cudahy," he said last week. His lawyer suggested "processed" as a more appropriate word. "See?" said Herseth, "I don't have much education." His first name is Arthur, but he signs checks and legal papers "Bud." Although the Giants train in Phoenix, he has never met Horace Stoneham and did not meet Lurie until last week. Herseth had phoned San Francisco Mayor George Moscone in February to say he would be interested in buying into the Giants if other investors dropped out. After hearing about Short's withdrawal, he phoned again on March 2. He and Lurie talked on the phone, agreed to a 51-49 split (Lurie is the majority owner) just like that, and on March 2 the deal was announced.

OTHER PEOPLE'S DUNNOCKS

There is no intent here to denigrate *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* readers who write to 19TH HOLE, but how come we don't get letters like this one, which appeared in a British outdoors magazine called *The Field*?

"During the past two or three years the dunnocks in my garden have learnt how to get the nuts from those put out for the tits. I have used old nets, old cages and spiral springs but still they succeed. Have other people's dunnocks learnt to do this? Also has anyone found a means of seeing tits get their share?"

(Signed) W. BURNARD PHILLIPS
CORNER COTTAGE
BARLEY CROFT GREEN
WELWYN GARDEN CITY
HERTFORDSHIRE."

THEY SAID IT

- Valentine Petrovsky, Soviet track coach, basking in 83° weather in Los Angeles during a Russian tour of the indoor track circuit: "Napoleon should have invaded California."
- Bill Lee, Boston Red Sox pitcher: "I'm mad at Hank Aaron for deciding to play one more season. I threw him his last home run and thought I would be remembered forever. Now I'll have to throw him another."
- Dave Williams, who played for the Southern California Sun in the now-departed World Football League, appearing at a press conference: "This is the largest crowd I've performed before in two years."

END

I know my taste.

No one has to tell me why I smoke. I could recognize
my cigarette blindfolded. I smoke Winston.
Winston is all taste—that means real taste and real
pleasure. For me, Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

1 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg.
nicotine av. per cigarette.
* FTC Report SEPT. '75.



VIRGINIA CRASHES THE PARTY

The Cavaliers cut the glamour boys out of the ACC dance to become a surprise guest at the NCAA playoffs

by LARRY KEITH

The Atlantic Coast Conference basketball tournament came to another unexpected end last week at the Capital Centre in Landover, Md. The University of Virginia won the championship by overcoming a legacy of failure, an arena full of disbelievers and three of the nation's Top 20 teams. Reaching the finals for the first time, the sixth-seeded Cavaliers became the ninth upset winner in the tournament's 23-year history and the first to emerge from the recesses of the league's second division. And in winning they proved that not only can you take the ACC tournament out of North Carolina, but you can also take North Carolina out of the ACC tournament.

Virginia played with a poise, a discipline and a perfection that belied its 4-8 conference record. The Cavaliers' deliberate style slowed three high-powered teams to low-scoring crawls. They cut down North Carolina State on Thursday 75-63, Maryland on Friday 73-65 and North Carolina on Saturday 67-62. Then they cut down the nets.

Virginia's handsome young coach, Terry Holland, who came to Charlottesville last year after five good seasons at Davidson, did not consider the outcome an upset, however. "The last month of the season there was not a team in the conference that played better than we did," he said. "I

continued

Soaring over the Tar Heels, Wally Walker, also known as Wally Wonder, watches his shot fly right.



Langlois, passing, made clutch foul shot.

PARTY CRASHERS *continued*

said we could win, but nobody believed me. We just had to play our type of game for 40 minutes a night without losing control. And fortunately, because we were playing every night, we didn't have time to dwell on each victory. We walked a fine line between being conscious of what was going on and choking."

The players were not quite so confident. Some had already made motel reservations for a week's stay in Fort Lauderdale. "We'll cancel gladly," said senior Forward Wally Walker, the tournament's Most Valuable Player. Wally Wonder, as he does not like to be called, scored 21 points in the championship game and 73 overall. A year ago he was spending a lot of time on the bench because he could not adjust to Holland's disciplined attack. Holland admits he may also have expected too much of Walker following his third knee operation. This season, fully healed and in tune with the system, Walker developed into a 22.6-point scorer. Miffed that Walker was not included on the All-ACC first team, Holland said on Thursday, "The only thing to do now is to win the tournament and make Wally the MVP."

If there were any doubts about the soundness of Holland's predictions, they were dispelled in the championship game. North Carolina State had been

other extremely well," said Smith on Thursday. "And right now we're playing our best ball of the season."

That seemed to be the case when the Tar Heels breezed past Clemson on Friday night 82-74. Breaking fast, shooting well and penetrating nicely, they looked to be in top form. Tiger Coach Bill Foster, an aw-shucks country boy, said, "That's the best starting five Smith has ever had." And Wolfpack Coach Norm Sloan observed that, "Carolina could beat Indiana."

Holland was not as impressed, however. "It's a good team, not a great team," he said. "If someone can slow them down and get them in foul trouble, they can be beaten."

Two nights later that is exactly what happened. After 15 minutes of aggressive man-to-man defense and a deliberate offense that repeatedly pounded the ball inside, the Cavaliers were behind by only two points, 28-26. And when North Carolina Center Mitch Kupchak went to the bench with his third foul a few seconds later, they were able to take the lead.

Without Kupchak, the 6'10" ACC Player of the Year, the Tar Heel middle was easy pickings. Cavalier Center Otis Fulton made it 28-28 by following a missed shot, Walker put Virginia ahead with two free throws and Fulton then expanded the lead with a five-foot jumper.

Following two Carolina free throws, the Cavaliers picked up three more points

in unusual fashion just before the half. With only two seconds remaining, the Tar Heels' Bruce Buckley committed a technical foul before the clock even started by reaching over the baseline on Virginia's inbounds play. Walker sank his seventh free throw of the half and Virginia was given the ball at midcourt. Fulton took a long inbounds pass underneath the basket and laid it in over Buckley as the buzzer sounded. The Cavaliers, who were scoring fewer than two points a minute, suddenly had three in two seconds and a 35-30 halftime lead.

The Tar Heels came back strong early in the second period, taking the lead and holding it until the 10-minute mark. Guard Phil Ford hit four consecutive jump shots and tried to speed up the tempo with aggressive play, but the Cavaliers maintained their same slow and easy pace. As long as the score was close, Virginia was in no particular hurry, and it showed every time Guard Billy Langlois dribbled down court. Finally, with 4:10 remaining and the score tied for the fifth time in the half at 60 apiece, North Carolina went to its four-corners "attack."

Smith puts great stock in the four corners, calling it a delay offense, even if everyone else considers it a stall. Ideally it encourages high-percentage shots and draws fouls. But it can also take away a team's momentum, and does so frequently. In this instance poor execution resulted in a traveling violation, a missed free throw and a missed layup.

But Virginia could not capitalize on these chances until, with 34 seconds remaining, Langlois put the Cavaliers ahead by sinking two free throws. North Carolina lost its chance to tie the score seconds later when Guard John Kuester dragged his foot while trying to decide between a pass and a shot. When Fulton drove for a basket off an inbounds feed from Langlois, the game was Virginia's.

The tournament's unexpected outcome seemed in keeping with its unfamiliar setting. The defeat of the Tar Heels and the elimination of the three other Tobacco Road schools in the first round coincided with the tournament's debut outside of North Carolina. Maryland had lobbied hardest for the change, contending that the four North Carolina schools had won all but two of the previous years because of the grits-and-gravy flavor of the event. The Terrapins wanted to serve up some home cooking of their own.



Winning Coach Holland had a winning smile

The Capital Centre welcomed its guests by scrubbing its walls, washing its windows, distributing brightly colored towels to the players on the bench, hanging banners from the ceiling and putting pennants on the luxurious Sky Suites. What it could not do, however, was duplicate the kind of basketball mania that accompanies the tournament in North Carolina. As a result, ticket scalpers, accustomed to taking in \$300 for a \$30 book of tickets, were actually losing money—another tournament record.

But capacity crowds of 19,600 did attend every session and every fan knew his school song and favorite locomotive. Most conspicuous were the Clemson supporters, who drew orange tiger paws on their noses. Like all the other camp followers they held out at least minimal hope for the championship because the season had been one of the most competitive in conference history. Not one of the seven teams came in with a losing record, and during one heady week in January four of them were ranked in the Top 10. The league's mark against outside competition, always a point of pride for the ACC, was a phenomenal 80-10, and more than half of the conference games had been decided by five points or fewer.

Holland, however, came to Landover with the heretical idea that the league was not as strong as some people felt. "Neither Maryland nor State is as good as

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEFFER

they have been and Carolina has some weaknesses that can be attacked," he said.

Thursday night's first-round results seemed to bear out much of what Holland believed. Maryland had to struggle to beat last-place Duke 80-78 in overtime, the Cavaliers handed stumbling State its fourth straight loss and Clemson put Wake Forest—and everyone else—to sleep with a 76-63 victory.

The Terrapins were lucky to win. Duke ran out to a 27-18 lead in the first half when Tate Armstrong canned his first eight shots. The game went into overtime when the Blue Devils missed three straight 1-and-1 free throws in the last 13 seconds. Reprieved, Maryland won on Lawrence Boston's rebound basket off a missed shot with three seconds left.

The first-night crowd was still buzzing over the Terrapins' narrow escape when Virginia decked N.C. State with an early knockout punch, the Cavaliers sizzling to a 22-point lead in the first half. Although the Wolfpack closed to six with 7:43 left in the second half, State never got closer, and when Kenny Carr, the league's leading scorer with a 27-point average, fouled out three minutes later, Virginia had carved its first notch.

"I don't consider this an upset," Holland said in what was to become a recurring statement. For a different reason, neither did Sloan. "Carr carried us a long way this year," he said. "We over-achieved earlier in the season and got some recognition we probably didn't deserve. We even started dreaming dreams ourselves, but we shouldn't have."

By defeating Wake Forest in the third game Clemson posted a school-record 18th victory. But the Tigers offered little resistance to North Carolina, which shot 56%, placed all five starters in double figures and had the temerity to retreat into the four corners with 8:51 remaining and a 15-point lead. "Sometimes Coach Smith surprises me when he tells us to go to the four corners," said Walter Davis. "I'll think we're playing pretty well and wonder why he did it."

Since most of the pre-tournament speculation had

centered on a North Carolina-Maryland final, the other semifinal between the Terrapins and the Cavaliers was supposed to be a mere formality. "If the game is a footrace, we'll lose," Holland said. Driesell tried to make it just that by playing his three-guard alignment of John Lucas, Brad Davis and Mo Howard, but Maryland was never able to get off the mark. Virginia led 37-31 at the half and fell behind only briefly in the second period. Lucas and Steve Sheppard shot poorly and the Terrapins committed 28 fouls, Lucas going out at 4:56 and Howard at 2:17. Cavalier Reserve Guard Robert Stokes clinched the victory by making two steals and sinking five straight free throws late in the game.

By this time people were finally beginning to get the message. "We were beaten very, very soundly," said Driesell. "The players stunk and I stunk. I must be the stupidest man alive to keep playing those three guards together, but I'll never do it again."

Realizing that Maryland could still receive the conference's NCAA at-large bid if the Tar Heels beat Virginia in the finals, Lefty said, "I'll be rooting like hell for North Carolina . . . for the first time in my life."

But Lefty couldn't even root good enough. So now Virginia has the ACC champion's berth in the East Regional of the NCAA playoffs, North Carolina gets an at-large spot in the Midwest, and Maryland—well, there are all those empty motel rooms in Fort Lauderdale. **END**

The Cavaliers harried Lefty front and rear



6,996

6,997

6,998... And this week at Santa Anita, jockey

Bill Shoemaker almost surely will win his 7,000th race, a number that only a few years ago seemed impossible to attain **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

The largest Handicap Day crowd in 28 years (68,474) squeezed into Santa Anita Park last Sunday afternoon, supposedly to watch an excellent field of 15 run for a purse of \$255,900. But the factor that no one could measure in the attendance was how many fans had been drawn by a 4'11" jockey's quest for his 7,000th winner.

Willie Shoemaker has tucked close to \$6 million in his saddlebags and has the highest winning percentage (24) of any name jockey. While he fell two winners short last weekend, he is odds-on to reach his goal when racing resumes at the Arcadia, Calif. course this Wednesday. It will be years, if ever, before another rider gets within striking distance of Shoemaker's record. His closest competitor among active jockeys—Bill Hartack, who is 44 and riding in Hong Kong—is some 2,600 wins back and aging fast.

Jockeys, more than others, grasp the significance of Shoemaker's feat. Johnny Sellers was one of those at Santa Anita marveling at Shoe's endurance. "Earlier this week," Sellers said, "I was taking a shower and began figuring how long it would take him to reach 10,000. If he rode 200 winners a year, it would take 15 more years." Shoemaker would be 59, the same age at which John Longden, who is closest to him in victories—6,026—retired. "I burst out laughing at the thought," Sellers said, "because I was at Arlington Park the day Shoe got his 3,500th. He walked in from the winner's circle and threw his whip on a bench. The other jockeys were watching him. He stretched and said, 'I hope the next 3,500 come as easy as the first 3,500.' Everyone chuckled. The notion of 7,000 wins was unbelievable."

Shoe's skill and strength lie in his hands, which are not particularly big and, in fact, appear strangely soft. Yet it is through them that he communicates with horses.

He is also, according to his competitors, a pretty good talker during a race despite his nickname, Silent Shoe. One day in Chicago, jockey L.C. Cook, who is known for his handling of front-runners, was on the lead, working hard to keep his mount going. The horse had been five lengths in front, but suddenly Shoemaker was alongside. "Hey, Cookie," he hollered, "you're working awfully hard at that. This is the way it's supposed to be done." Shoemaker then set his horse down and drew away.

And Sellers remembers a mid-race conversation he had with Shoe: "I was on a longshot and the horse Bill was riding looked like a cinch. I knew his horse had to be on the lead because her best races were run that way. Halfway through the race I noticed Shoe next to me and I was laying about eighth. The leaders were a long way off. 'John,' he said, 'I don't know what the hell I'm doing here, I'm supposed to be in front. The owners must be pulling their hair out.' And then he took off. He looped the field and won by six lengths. The difference between Bill Shoemaker and other riders is in his hands and patience."

To strangers, Shoemaker may seem a small, cold pile of impressive statistics. When he first began winning at Golden Gate Fields in April 1949 he was 17, and just one of 168 apprentices to break their maiden that year. The class Shoemaker graduated with was excellent, including Bill Boland, Sam Boulmetis, Joe Culmone and Ray York. Boulmetis, Culmone and York each rode more than 2,500 winners. Boland is remembered as one of only two apprentices ever to win a Kentucky Derby.

In those days Shoemaker attracted little attention. A youngster named Glen Lasswell was considered the best young rider on the Coast. Reporters who bothered to speak to Shoemaker in his first year found him uncommunicative. He

was even more reticent than other young jockeys and they are not a talkative breed, silence having been pounded into them along the backstretch, where a bit of information given to the wrong person can be costly. But Shoemaker was closemouthed for other reasons.

Born prematurely in a farmhouse in Fabens, Texas in 1931, he weighed in at 2½ pounds. "He's going to die," the doctor told the Shoemakers. "We'll make the arrangements in the morning." In-



stead, his grandmother picked the boy up and put him in a shoe box. She lit the kitchen oven and put baby and box inside, leaving the oven door ajar for air. The tot survived. Shoemaker never graduated from high school but did make the boxing team at 90 pounds and often beat youngsters 10 pounds heavier than himself. "I still have the set of gold gloves I won," he says. "They remind me of times when things weren't all good in my life."

When Shoemaker came to the track he

said little because his teeth were in terrible shape and his jaw was deformed. He was too embarrassed to talk. "A lot of times I should have said something, but I couldn't bring myself to do it," he explains. "I didn't like the nickname Silent Shoe, but I wasn't going to tell anyone why I wouldn't talk."

Shoemaker's first victory was on Shafter V, a horse that paid a big price (\$21), in part because nobody knew who Bill Shoemaker was. The victory came in the third of his 29,189 races. In order to get Shoemaker the ride, Trainer George Reeves had to appear before the stewards to explain why he was naming an apprentice as the jockey instead of a veteran, such as the one who had handled the horse and won with him in his previous outing. "I want to use the boy," Reeves told the stewards, "because he has worked like hell for me exercising horses and he deserves the chance. He has a touch with horses that few have." Shoemaker won by 2½ lengths.

Bud Lyon of the *Racing Form* wrote the chart of the Shafter V. race. "The first thing I remember about Bill," Lyon recalled last week, "was his size." Shoemaker could make 100 pounds then. If necessary, he could ride at 102 today.

Shoemaker's next winner was also trained by Reeves, and this time the tote board lit up at \$45. A week later he rode Shafter V. back and was beaten by a head. Lyon's remarks in the chart of this race are interesting: "Shafter V. was prominent early, saved ground and finished gamely under weak handling." It is the first knoek recorded against Shoemaker. But not the last. What the sports world remembers best about him is his losing ride on Gallant Man in the 1957 Kentucky Derby when he misjudged the finish line.

Shoemaker's second year as a jockey was spectacular. He and Culmone fought for the national riding championship and ended the season on Dec. 31 tied with 388 winners. The next year Shoe led the nation in money won (\$1.3 million), getting most of it the hard way, with just six stakes winners compared to 21 for Ted Atkinson, 21 for Eric Guerin and 18 for Eddie Arcaro.

Until Shoemaker came along, Arcaro was the finest stakes rider this country had ever known. When Arcaro quit in 1962 he had 554 stakes victories, but Shoemaker went past that record as if it were painted on a post. At the end of

last week he had finished first in 661 stakes and 111 of those wins came in races of \$100,000 or more.

Last Thursday Trainer Warren Stute stood in his barn at Santa Anita and described the first of those major victories. "I had Great Circle," Stute said. "Ralph Neves was supposed to ride the horse in the 1951 Santa Anita Maturity but Neves wouldn't make a firm commitment. Shoe had ridden the colt in a prep race and had lost because on the backstretch he saw another rider falling and reached over and snatched the boy up. When Shoe came back to unsaddle, he told me, 'Your horse should have won. He will next time out. I would like the chance to ride him back if it is possible.' Bill never said what he had done on the backstretch but I had seen it. He had an excuse but wouldn't use it. I put Shoe up on Great Circle in the Maturity. He rode a fine race and won \$144,325 for us. All he said after the race was, 'Thank you.'"

Shoemaker remembers that Maturity vividly and recently talked about it for the first time. "In that race I did something I'd never done before and never did again. When I got in from in the stretch and knew I had it won, I went to pieces. I kept riding and went through the motions, but my mind was on the success of it all—that such a big thing could happen to me. I culmed myself down on the backstretch and got rid of the tears. When I got to the winner's circle, I guess I was Silent Shoe again."

For most riders it is 80 steps from the jockeys' room at Santa Anita to the walking ring where they are thrown up on their mounts, but it takes Shoemaker 100 steps to get there. As he walks he slaps his whip against his left leg and seems impervious to the wisecracks of the bettors. Most of the time his eyes focus on the horizon. He knows what's out there on the racetrack—success, money, but other things, too. Shoemaker has had three severe injuries and 40 minor ones.

Last week he rode with a fierce cold. On Thursday it had gotten so bad he took himself off six mounts and rested. At times during the week Shoe seemed to be riding in a stranjacket. People were betting his mounts down from 5 to 1 to even money as he tried to reach 7,000. When he failed, before the biggest California racing crowd in a dozen years, he didn't seem discouraged. "Oh," he said, "it will come in time." He said nothing about going for 10,000.

END





PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC SCHWEHARDT

After showing steel in her slalom style, Roel showed her dimples in greeting the faithful.



ADDING A TITLE TO A TRIUMPH

On the run from adoring mobs, Mittermaier proved in Colorado that everything's still coming up Rosi **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

The question was not so much Can Rosi Really Race? Nor was it Will Rosi Win the World Cup? After the three-medal show she had staged at the Olympics, skiing her way into instant celebrity, the one thing that everyone wanted to know about Miss Mittermaier was more simply, Is Rosi for Real? They found all the answers when World Cup competition resumed last week at Copper Mountain, Colo. Rosi can, indeed, race like crazy. She did, indeed, win the overall championship. And all the other rosy things they say about her are true.

The plot was corny, but somehow it worked. The Colorado races, the 12th of 14 stops on the four-month circuit, marked Rosi's first return to battle since Innsbruck. The Olympics, which don't count for World Cup points, had been a happy punctuation in the season, but the world title has been her goal all along. After Innsbruck, Rosi had been mobbed

by possessive throngs. She had fled to the U.S. early, hiding out in a \$117 a day hotel suite near Lake Tahoe. Some escape: she was introduced to standing ovations at dinner. And with the furor and pressure continuing to grow, she could well have blown the Colorado meet.

Not Rosi. She swept the giant slalom away from 53 rivals, followed home by Cindy Nelson. Next day Rosi beat everybody at slalom. The two victories locked up the overall and slalom titles and moved Mittermaier into a close second in the giant slalom standings.

After the Rosi show, there were unexpected rewards for the Americans when Greg Jones won the giant slalom, followed by teammate Phil Mahre for the first U.S. men's one-two finish in World Cup history. Sweden's Ingemar Stenmark won the slalom, while that other Olympic celebrity, Austria's Franz Klammer, was clearly saving himself for the downhill in Aspen, where the circuit moves this weekend.

On the sidelines, absorbing a quick course in Americana over a lunch that consisted mainly of cherry pie, Rosi was surrounded. People tapped her, patted her, hugged, tugged and squeezed her. If she had been a doll, all her stuffing would have come out. She gave them all the dimpled smile that she should patent. "Everything is perfect, wonderful, fantastic," she said. Then she collected her trophies while her West German teammates sang *Rosi, Rosi, Once Again* in waltz tempo, with the Americans humming along. There was one final touch. It was announced that the slalom course will be named in her honor. It will forever be known as Rosi's Run.

For Rosi and Franz at home, turn page



DOWN ON THE FARM ON THE HILL

After Klammer had seen Innsbruck—and the world had seen Franz—he was welcomed home, in time for spring planting **by RAY KENNEDY**

First you go to Friesach, a tiny village perched way up on an Austrian slope near the Yugoslav border. Then, carefully please, you go way, way up from there, up a snaking narrow road, up past the rock slides, ice patches and several rivulets spilling across your course until you see more than one barn. That is Mooswald.

Next you must wind around the peaks of Upper Bavaria in search of Reit im Winkl, a hamlet that is just a hairpin turn or two inside West Germany's southern frontier. Then you go four miles thataway until you find the man with a two-way radio who checks topside to see if the one-lane route up the precipice is free. If so, you then spiral ever heavenward between glacial drifts—caution: goats have the right of way—until you level off ever so imperceptibly. Welcome to the suburb of Winklmoosalm.

Why exactly would anyone risk these ascents? Well, hundreds have been making the pilgrimage the past few weeks. At Mooswald, the faithful point to a 200-year-old farmhouse with a new café tacked on called Gasthaus Klammer. That, they whisper, is where Franz lives. Over at Winklmoosalm the acolytes stand vigil around a modern chalet overlooking a sweep of snow-veined summits. Peeking in the windows, the assembled explain that not only is this the Mittermaier place but also maybe Rosi herself is resting inside.

And was the long, zigzagging pull worth it? Ach, everyone says, those are not really bad roads at all, those are actually the great white ways that the *Wunderkinder* skied down to go to school, the boulevards that led to an El Dorado of Olympic gold.

Though the flames of the 12th Winter Olympiad have been extinguished, the afterglow of two of its brightest stars, Austria's Klammer and West Germany's Mittermaier, still burns, indeed rages on. Back in the crush of things after two weeks of post-Olympic seclusion, both expressed a longing to escape to the U.S. and the relative calm of the World Cup races. Hounded by hordes of admiring snow bunnies at the Austrian championships, Klammer sighed, "Ah, peace. When I go to America in a few days I will have peace because I am not so well known over there."

Mittermaier, under heavy police protection before attending a send-off costume ball in Munich, was so besieged that she showed up as a veiled harem girl so she could move about incognito. "The jubilation is nice, wonderful, but what's happening now is unimaginable," she said. "Oh, my, I hope the pressure will die down now that I am off to the U.S."

Die down, perhaps, but not too much. Framed by TV screens the world over, celebrated in endless replays and reams of print, Franz and Rosi are the new darlings of a vast and demanding public, millions of whom wouldn't know a schuss from a schnitzel.

Klammer and Mittermaier are snow-bound opposites. He is the dashing young prince of the peaks, a 22-year-old downhiller who races with a reckless élan that can only be described as scary. She is a plugaway veteran of 25, the sweet "Granny" who has been riding the World Cup circuit since its 1967 inception. He looks like a youthful Paul New-

Klammer's horse played it cool, but little Friesach went wild over its favorite son.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY HELMUT GRITSCHER

man, exudes the confidence of the hustler and moves through life as if somebody up there likes him. She is the dimpled Bavarian who seems more at home in her dirndl singing folk songs to the accompaniment of a zither.

Klammer was the favorite at Innsbruck, the winner of an extraordinary 12 of 17 downhills during the past two World Cup seasons, four out of eight this winter. Mittermaier was at best a contender. Though ranked in the top 10 in all three Alpine events, she often seemed to be a Renaissance skier lost in an age of specialists. The rest is instant-replay history: Franz prevailed with a thrilling breakneck downhill burst, and Rosi stunned all by winning gold medals in the slalom and downhill—her first major victory ever in the latter event—and adding a silver in the giant slalom.

For all their disparate ways, what unites Franz and Rosi, finally, is not only their triumphs but a common natural re-

source. They are still basically children of the mountains with all the untamed open qualities that implies. When asked what madcap continental adventures he was going to indulge in after the Games, Klammer allowed, "My father already has the pitchfork waiting for me. We have to spread the dung for the spring planting."

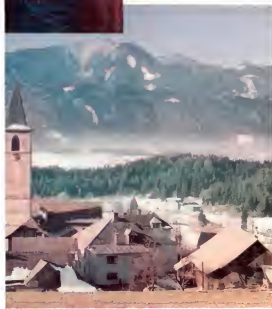
If Franz is aware that dashing young princes are not supposed to get their hands dirty, he is not letting on. On his passport he lists his occupation as "farm worker." As for Rosi, she is a full-time smiler. In Innsbruck, jostled, dragged and once even carried off like a loaf of bread by a TV crewman, her enduring grin was one of the more refreshing aspects of the Games. That and the fact that no matter what she said it always sounded like German for gee-whillikers.

Something close to *Güterdämmerung* is what the Austrians said about their team's overall poor performance in Innsbruck. In a nation that equates Olympic gold with tourist lucre, Klammer is being celebrated on all fronts. It began at the Olympic Village with a champagne toast from Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky, who decreed, "You have saved the Games for us."

Klammer's triumphal return home was just as emphatic. In Friesach (pop. 1,400), 8,000 people massed in a snowy pasture to pay homage. And when Franz appeared, riding in a blue convertible, resplendent in a white suit and garlanded with pink carnations, the church bells rang, an oompahpah band cut loose and the local choir sang an original hosanna, *Isn't He a Wonderful Boy*. The *Bürgermeister* had two important announcements: one, Franz could have any plot of land he wanted in all of greater Friesach, and, two, there would be free beer for everyone.

Then Franz led his caravan up, way up to Mooswald and the warmer confines of Gasthaus Klammer. Within minutes the icy ascent was strewn with so many disabled cars that it resembled a vertical parking lot. The 400 revelers who got through before the heights were hopelessly cut off feasted on venison,

continued



trout and sausages dished up by Franz' older brother Michael, the butcher. Mama Klammer cut a Black Forest cake the size of a truck tire, the band blasted, the choir yodeled and the schnapps and beer flowed until dawn.

The hundreds who were stranded on the Mooswald road have the consolation of knowing they can see Franz anytime, or at least as soon as he gets back from America. He is on permanent display at the Gasthaus, a spacious neo-Alpine addition that was completed five months ago. Outside on the terrace is a large iron sculpture of Franz in a racing stance. Inside are all Franz' trophies, handsomely encased and lighted, plus Franz' ski displays and photographs of Franz stripped to the waist and wielding a hammer and chisel, Franz jumping his fire-engine red motorcycle up the mountain, Franz driving a sulkie. And with luck, museumgoers will soon be able to see Franz in the flesh down in the ratskeller; he plans to open a discothèque there.

When he is home, Klammer likes to contemplate another trophy. It is a gravel road that begins out back where his father keeps 20 pigs, 17 cows and four horses and it winds 4½ miles up the moun-

tain through the family's 89 acres to a communal pasture. Franz built that road with his father in his 17th summer. He helped cut down the trees, clear the rocks and level the land. This spring, on the land that was given to him by the burghers of Frägsach, he plans to build a three-bedroom house 400 feet up his road so he can get away from it all. He plans to build the house himself.

"Hard work, that's the kind of conditioning I like," Klammer said during a break in the post-Olympic Austrian championships at Radstadt. He was sitting near a window that was alive with faces peering in at him, and as he spoke he signed one autograph after another, barely looking as he made a large swirl that resembled a kid's drawing of a tornado. "You get a special strength from work that you can't get from conditioning programs," he said. "People always ask me how I won this race or why I won that one. There's a very simple reason: I'm faster. In the last third of a race when others tire out I can still push ahead. And that comes from hard work. You want to win the Olympics? Go build a road in the mountains."

The year Klammer turned trailblazer

he grew four inches taller, finished second in the Austrian downhill and was named to the national team. "I didn't know anything about him or his conditioning," says Austrian Coach Toni Sailer, "so I got on the chair lift with him and as we went up the hill I asked him if he did any gymnastics and he said no. I said, soccer? He said no. Water skiing? No. Tennis? No. And finally he said, 'You know, I live on the side of a mountain. All I do is ski and work.' And there's something to that. With no bars, no girls, no parties, the mountain boys keep their natural strength. In Franz' case it has given him a sound hardness."

Beyond that, what any layman senses about Klammer, Sailer confirms. Eyes widening in disbelief, he says, "Franz has no fear, none whatsoever. And that's not something you learn. If you don't like speed, you can't get used to it." Not that Klammer is wholly suicidal. "It's a nice feeling," he says of the whistling 80 to 85 mph speeds he hits. "But you also remember what a car looks like when it hits a wall going that speed." It is simply a matter of mind over mountain, Klammer claims. "When you lose balance, and think, 'Now I'm going to fall,' then you will most certainly fall. But if you keep thinking that you will continue, then you will."

Klammer only wishes he could come up with another handy formula to ease the celebrity squeeze. Visibly weary and suffering from flu at the Austrian nationals, he pulled out of the downhill because "I can't bring any power and conviction to it." Then, between bombing out in both the slalom and giant slalom, he bulleted off in his tangerine BMW to a night-spot down the road to commiserate with the bartender. Her name is Annemarie Moser-Preell, retired downhill racing queen of the mountain and chief attraction at Cafe Preell. She says, "Believe me, I don't miss any of the hectic stuff, the nervousness that Franz is going through. I really feel for him."

Klammer yearns for this season to end. Not so he can chuck his skis into the closet like most of his World Cup rivals do. No, he likes to pack his boots into his rucksack, climb far above the crowd and go spring skiing on some remote patches of snow. "You see," he says, "I love skiing. It's the only thing for me."

Ditto for Rosi Mittermaier. She could

continued



After the downhill that rocked the world, Franz rocks amid his trophies at Gasthaus Klammer.

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hardly have chosen otherwise, of course. Not only does she live up there amid all those Dairy Queen mountains, not only are there nine ski lifts practically in her backyard, not only did her older sister Heidi compete in the 1960 Squaw Valley and 1964 Innsbruck Olympics, but also her father has been running a ski school for more than 30 years. So Rosi skied. Oh, how she skied.

Between calamities, as it were. Her twin sister died at birth. Raised on goat's milk like the fictional Heidi, Rosi nearly suffocated six months later when a goat jumped into her carriage. At age two she donned her first skis and also ate some rat poison that nearly killed her. And on and on. Last year she hit a slalom pole in a race and caught a splinter in her right eye. Then late last season, a tourist side-swiped her in Austria and broke her arm on the same slope where she was to win the Olympic downhill. Though she was second to Moser-Proell in the World Cup at the time, Rosi figures that overall she is on the plus side. "I have been born under a lucky star," she says.

Reit im Winkl is convinced that she was. If Klammer's homecoming was quaint, Mittermaier's was positively Wagnerian. When her procession swung off the Autobahn from Munich, many of the 25,000 celebrants lining the 13-mile route to her native village had to be restrained by police from mobbing her black Mercedes limousine. Then, just outside Reit im Winkl (pop. 2,400), where another throng of 25,000 was overflowing the village square, Rosi transferred to a rose-bedecked horse-drawn carriage.

As evening set, someone touched off the town cannon, and the triumphal march was on. First came a 40-piece brass band dressed in lederhosen, sending Thor-like crashes reverberating through the valley. Then ranks of comely *fräuleins* dressed in peasant costumes, followed by a mass of schoolchildren carrying torches. A male chorus sang *The Village Has Gone Crazy with Joy*. The crowd chanted "Golden Rosi, golden Rosi, do it again." Church bells clanged. Sirens wailed. And off on a darkening mountainside there was a sudden brilliant flickering as "Rosi" was spelled out in flaming script.

"My God," exclaimed Rosi at the ball that night, "what would have happened if I'd won all three gold medals?" **END**

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REALLY RUNNING IN THE RED

The Superdome is New Orleans' pride and joy and problem child. It has money troubles that may go on forever, and a whole Domeful of supernafus, too

by J. D. REED

Dick Van Dyke stands at the bar in Brennan's, where the bartender is telling him that his Coca-Cola is on the house. In town to film a Perry Como TV special—with lots of backing from the New Orleans city government—the impish Van Dyke asks, "Oh, is this one on the taxpayers?" No, but here's one that is—the Louisiana Superdome, currently topping the charts with an operating budget (including debt service on the huge bond issue) of \$58,000 each and every day. Make that a double Coke.

Better make it a triple, with a double shot of red ink on the side. For a while last week it seemed possible that the Dome might collapse, fiscally speaking, for want of something like \$4.3 million needed to keep it operating after Feb. 29. It didn't happen for a lot of reasons, including civic and state pride, political considerations and the dismal fact that even shut down tight the Dome would still cost the taxpayers \$29,000 a day in interest and principal payments on its bonds. Getting close to the wire, Louisiana Governor Edwin Edwards performed a bit of sleight of hand, transferring the \$4.3 million from the Dome's bond repayment fund to its operating fund. That fixed things for the moment. Next year, if nothing goes seriously wrong, the governor will only have to make up an expected \$15 million deficit.

The Dome was conceived 10 years ago and financed in a political atmosphere as spicy as Louisiana hot sauce, and having survived 22 lawsuits and two grand jury investigations, the administration of this wonder structure is in the process of being shaken up. The \$173-million complex has had a slew of things go wrong with it besides finances, and the governor has hired a Massachusetts consulting firm to make a thorough investigation of its operations, including those of flamboyant and outspoken Ben Levy, the Dome's executive director.

In effect, Edwards is wresting control of the operation away from Levy and his political patron, Moon Landrieu, the mayor of New Orleans and head of the Louisiana Stadium and Exposition District Commission, the board that controls the entire Superdome package.

After the first quarter of operation returned a mere \$543.35 it became clear that bookings would be the major stum-



bling block for whoever runs the show.

"The problem is a huge one," says Edwards. "We must make every effort to fill the facility on as many days as possible." Nearly all politicians and administrators call the Superdome a "facility," as if to hold the reality of its size and scope at verbal arm's length. Estimates vary, but it seems that to approach breaking even the Superdome must have something happening on its main arena floor at least 200 days a year. The rate now is about 140 days a year. Pro football (the Saints), pro basketball (the Jazz), college basketball (Tulane and the University of New Orleans), plus a few exhibition baseball games scheduled for this spring add up to no more than 50% of the necessary total. That is about as much as sports can contribute at present. The rest will have to come from trade shows, concerts, spectacles and such extravaganzas as ice shows and the circus.

The Dome's technical glitches can probably be fixed eventually, but the financial strain is likely to go on. Over and over the governor points out that the Dome was not meant to make a profit. "It won't make money in our lifetime or our children's," is the way he puts it.

But let us forget dismal economics and view the "facility" as it stands today.

"Critics said that seagulls would eat the polyurethane roof, that the pilings would give way, that the TV screens wouldn't work and that the movable stands wouldn't move," says Levy, "but none of that came true. Sure we have problems. You have problems when you buy a new home, don't you? And we're not exactly talking about a two-bedroom house here."

The Dome is uncompromisingly contemporary in style. The interior resembles a Holiday Inn motel room blown up to fantastic proportions. When you put 97,000 people in a big motel room, you've got lots of fun. And trouble.

Fun for Superdome sports fans begins at the ticket windows. The windows have a slit at the bottom for the exchange of money and tickets but no hole for talking through. When general admission seats go on sale, the area around the windows is so crowded and noisy that the people inside the booths can't hear the fans' requests. So everybody has to bend down, yelling back and forth through the

continued



Beleaguered Ben Levy, executive director of the Dome, makes a gesture aimed at his critics.



Up in the terrace, the game is distant, the beer abundant, the urge to expectorate strong.



Here down for repairs—again—the TV screens show censored replays and commercials.

"The trick of Desert Sailing on the Baja's snow-white sands is not to end up black and blue."

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It's virtually impossible to keep your careening craft on a straight and steady course. We were just at the point of capsizing . . .



. . . when I shouted to Jim, 'Throw your weight on my side! Defying gravity and the gusting winds, we managed to get upright. From then on, it was smooth sailing.'



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sit at the bottom. The solution? Since the special tinted glass would shatter if speaking holes were cut into it, all the windows must be replaced. \$13,000. Have another Coke, Dick.

Ticket in hand, the fan moves inside to discover that getting to his seat on one of the Dome's five color-coded levels can be a game in itself. The Dome's immense shell is laced with innumerable ramp ways, walkways, escalators and elevators. The ramp ways—spiraling, wide inclines done up in zingy striped carpeting—sometimes lead to cul-de-sacs. And if a spectator leaves his seat to visit one of the Dome's 88 bathrooms, it's possible for him to find that he has walked a half-mile around the perimeter at his level and passed his starting point without recognizing it. It is a trip that may have to be taken, however, for this year's big seller in the Dome is a 40-ounce \$2.25 cup of Superbeer—3½ cans' worth.

Pete Maravich of the New Orleans Jazz is still awed by the building's size. "The first day, somebody led me from the parking lot to the dressing room," he says, "and I've been using that route since. I'd be afraid to try another way. I might not make it until halftime." But the Pistol, who recently scored his 10,000th NBA point in the Dome, is ecstatic. "There couldn't be a better place to play basketball on this planet," he says. "There's not even a crosswind, like you have to fight in the Astrodome."

Dick Gordon, executive vice-president of the New Orleans Saints, says, "The Superdome is the greatest thing since peanut butter. But it's big. We had dress rehearsals. Even then there'd be guys showing up at wrong entrances or getting trapped in wrong parking lots."

Having found his way to his seat and bought himself a Superbeer, the fan can turn his attention to the Dome's highly touted TV screen and scoreboard system, both of which have been giving everyone headaches. The four scoreboards have failed with regularity at Jazz games. At a Tulane game once, the clocks counted time backward, finally fizzling to a stop when they read 87 minutes. Says Butch van Breda Kolff, the Jazz coach, "The New Orleans school system isn't the world's greatest, but our fans all know at least one big word—'malfunction.'"

It is the TV system that has drawn the heaviest criticism. The setup has the capability of projecting live television, in-

stant replays or film on six 22-by-25-foot screens suspended on a huge gondola from the ceiling of the Dome. During pro football games the screens were used for instant replay, and the Dome sold advertising spots to put on when nothing was being instantly replayed. The results were much like what happens in one's own living room: the commercials came on so loudly that the fans were disturbed, as were officials and players. There was Archie Manning, asking for quiet from a local restaurant-chain commercial.

Estimates of the number of fans who can't see the TV screens vary from 4,000 to 8,000. Because of overhanging upper levels, fans sitting toward the back of the higher-priced seats in the lower levels were out of luck. The screens were dropped from 100 feet above the field to 90. Then Oakland's Ray Guy hit the gondola with a punt during the Pro Bowl game, giving all the I-told-you-so, it'll-never-fly folks their best moment. And if the Dome ever secures a baseball franchise, just how long will it take Reggie Jackson to put a high long one through the screens? For football, at least, they now have a ground rule, if you hit the TV apparatus, you kick over.

Each sport makes its own rules about how the Dome's TV is to be used. The NFL decided that it would not allow simulcasts of games on the theory that they would interrupt both fans' and players' concentration. That was a loss to the thousands who jam the inexpensive upper terrace-level seats. Sitting somewhere between nine and 13 stories above the playing field, they had expected the big TV set to serve as a closeup alternative.

The NFL has also decided to censor what may be shown on replays. A Saints official sits in the broadcast room, busily eliminating sequences that contain questionable official calls. "We're worried about the officials' safety," says Dick Gordon. For college football the NCAA, more concerned with image than concentration, banned the showing of any replays at all, but does allow simulcasting. The Jazz make no use of the system, because it's too expensive.

If large numbers of fans cannot see the TV, neither can the folks who sit in the 64 box suites, which were put up for average bids of \$35,000 a year plus \$4,000 in ticket costs. And they can't see the scoreboards, either. Closed-circuit TV to each box is a partial solution. The suites, named after Louisiana parishes, are not

exactly plush. The New Orleans Jazz suite—St. John the Baptist—is typical, decorated in functional imitation suede, indoor-outdoor carpeting and white Formica. In general the suites resemble the offices of 64 successful and very hip chiropractors, which, price aside, may be why only about half of them have been sold.

But after a second Superbeer, one can reflect on some positive aspects of the place. The Dome holds the NBA record for attendance, 26,511 paying customers having watched the Jazz play Los Angeles last November. The basketball court is set up in one corner of the immense floor, and viewing a game from the upper reaches is like watching 10 men play cards at a small table at the far end of a 747 hangar. But moveable stands from one side of the Dome are wheeled forward to successfully flank the court, leaving enough room for a track meet and a hockey game behind them.

Frank Fry, who heads up Ogden Food's service in the Dome, is proud of the record he is setting. "We did \$1.90 per fan during the football season, which is twice the national average," he says. "And at an Allman Brothers concert, with 58,000 people, we sold 1,200 kegs of beer—cleaned out every distributor in New Orleans." Time for a superbelch.

Security, which for a while was a worry, is getting better. Former state police Lieut. John Rigol, who is now responsible for security, says, "The problem isn't the building. It's people. Too many folks around here use the size of the building as an excuse for bad management and improper procedures. I think we're on the way to solving it." In its early days the Dome had fewer muggings than old Tulane Stadium across town, but vandalism was a problem. "They left all the fire hoses, extinguishers, temperature controls and light switches out in the open," says Bud Johnson, Jazz P.R. man. "I was sitting in my office one day, and water gushed through the ceiling. A fan had turned on a fire hose overhead." (On the other hand, there is still no overall plan for evacuating the crowd in the event of a large fire in the Dome.)

Up in the hard-drinking, hard-hitting terrace seats, which now go for a bargain \$1.50 for a Jazz game, the fans have become so unruly that the installation of a "spit barrier" has been seriously considered to stop the assaults on the folks in lower levels. Probable cost: \$60,000.

In an effort to involve the city's black



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community, Mayor Landrieu appointed Sherman Copelin, a local black leader, to head Superdome Services, Inc., a corporation that would provide housekeeping, ticket sellers, security and ushers for the Dome. Ill-managed at first, the SSI staff persistently ignored the advice of its own subcontractors. It left the Dome dirty after some events and did not hire ushers until it was too late to orientate them, so that on opening day the Dome was a sea of lost patrons and staff wandering the seemingly endless corridors. But the SSI situation also seems to be improving.

The Superdome, which is owned and operated by the State of Louisiana, has some dissatisfied tenants, too. Says the quick-minded vice-president of the Jazz, Barry Mendelson, "They're just like my landlord at home. They want their percentage without working for it. We have bad communication with the Dome commission, mostly because, like any government agency, it can never figure out who's responsible for what. Between the various taxes, the Dome and the league, almost 20% of each ticket price comes right off the top. We get no piece of concessions, souvenirs, programs, parking or anything else. It's still the greatest facility in the world, but it needs to be intelligently run. I favor a private corporation to do it."

And Dick Gordon of the Saints says, "The Superdome is a compromise. They have to be able to convert from football to basketball to baseball to concerts and trade shows. When you feed in all those factors, you can't come out with a seating arrangement that is perfect for any one sport. I don't think they will ever build a place like this again. Separate stadiums are the answer for sports, and they're cheaper."

"But I understand the problems of a place of this magnitude," adds Gordon, who as a former astronaut went to the moon in 1969. "Apollo wasn't perfect, either."

Whether the Dome can weather its superproblems and become the true building of the future for professional sports remains to be seen. As one stands in the smallest locker rooms—all olive drab and steel furniture, resembling an army delousing station—one understands how much remains to be done. It is hard to avoid shuddering when Moon Landrieu declares he'd do it all over again. "History, I'm sure, will prove me right," says the mayor.

END

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wagon did best—30 mpg on the highway, 18 in the city—equipped with 6-cylinder engine and manual transmission. Your actual mileage may differ, depending on how and where you drive, the condition of your car and optional equipment!

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The new small wagon from Plymouth.

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ONCE MORE, CALIFORNIA IS IN THE VAN

Out West, where fads form and spirits are free-wheeling, the vehicle that your plumber and florist drive has been gussied up in shag, suede and paneling and rocks with quadraphonic sound

by J. D. REED

Here they come up Van Nuys, past Otto's Pink Pig and Bob's Big Boy, past Guerrero 24-Hour Bail Bonds and the cyclists outside the Copper Penny—hundreds of wildly modified vehicles of every pedigree and alias. There are '56 metal-flaked Chevys riding so low you couldn't slide a pack of Luckies under the rocker panel, BMW Bavarians with ghost-flame paint jobs and side pipes, raked Toyota mini-pickups with wide slicks, dune buggies sprouting CB antennas and flared skirts, a sprinkling of perfect '32 Fords, a woodie or two and, of course, the vans. One can almost hear the Beach Boys singing, "... we'll have fun, fun, fun 'til her daddy takes the T-Bird away." But it is the vans, whose high profiles rise above the more conventional vehicles like icebergs, that provide something new—that are perhaps bizarre indicators of what we are and where we're going.

Wednesday night on Van Nuys is club night, show-off night for the under-25 set of Nam vets, high-schoolers, dropouts, tuned-ins and garden-variety crazies of

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL OPPENHEIM

Inside and out, vans reflect their owners' yearnings. Customizers like Craig Smith (top, with Chuck Wicks) whip up neonatal interiors that, like desert murals, appeal to escapees



Murals painted by Leon Killebrew (left) and Tom Rich cost \$65 a side.

Los Angeles. The vans carry names like Inversion, Vandal, Sundance, No Big Thing, Phantom Flusher and Calypso. There are screaming yellow vans with flared fenders, air spoilers mounted on the roof; vans with Iron Cross-shaped rear accent windows, vans with personal messages on the sides or desert-cowboy murals; vans pinstriped to the rain gutters; vans with tooled leather landau tops, carved redwood bumpers and mag wheels, vans in every color of the rainbow.

Kids park, open the doors and show off the elaborate interiors. There is everything from family-room Spanish to Playboy shag and suede. There is an Early American interior featuring a plastic-fieldstone hearth with electric logs, a maple couch covered in spread eagles and an authentic butter churn. There is Old West décor featuring flocked red wall-

paper, banisters, a brass bedstead and spittoons—and a live potted fern. Van interiors often are of so many vibrant colors, clashing styles and schlock oddities that one thinks they must be playpens for Primal Scream therapy. Shag runs everywhere except over the speedometer, which is illegal. Each has the same basics—bed, refrigerator/icebox and quadraphonic stereo.

While the young men pop the tops off Coors cans, teen-age girls walk by

as if furniture shopping, comparing interiors and angling for rides.

In contrast, up in the mountains near Lake Arrowhead, senior citizens are folding up their aluminum chairs and climbing into vans for a game of two-handed canasta before folding down the sofa for the night. In increasing numbers, the van is replacing the trailer-camper and the mini-motor home as the recreational vehicle of modest-budget campers. Fitted with a shower, toilet, a bubble top for stand-up comfort, stove, reebox, double bed and comfortable, high-backed "captain's" chairs for driver and passenger, the van is uniquely suited to the needs and wallet of the weekender, the hunter, fisherman, motorcyclist and leisure buff.

In the late '50s the van became the vehicle of plumbers, dry cleaners and florists, replacing the panel truck. Then during the Woodstock years one began to

continued

see old Dodge vans loaded with amplifiers, rock groups, dogs and groupies, and one noticed the occasional van fitted with print curtains and roughed-in beds and chests.

But it was in Southern California that vans became vehicles to be taken seriously. On the dream coast, where it is not unusual to commute three or four hours a day to a job, and where recreational areas are hundreds of miles from home, vehicles are as important as houses, maybe more so. One's car or van reflects a personal choice, not a Detroit directive.

George Barris, 50, the elder statesman of car customizing, is happy to recount the history of the van. Sporting a bandito mustache, a modified electro-frizz Afro, a T shirt bearing his own likeness and an ad for his Hollywood "Motorama Cars of the Stars" museum, Barris speaks in the husky tones of the founder of a mystical order. "It started with the surfers," he says. "They'd been using woodies to transport their surfboards to the beach. But that's all it was—transport. Then the kids lit on the idea of the van. It could hold as many surfboards as you wanted, and it had no windows in the back so there was privacy to change clothes and do, well, you know, whatever. But the main thing was that kids could stay at the beach in comfort. They like to surf about five in the morning when the waves are best, and the van was the answer."

"They quickly added stereo, carpeting, beds, iceboxes, the things that made them happy. And it wasn't long before they were enough of a force to create an 'after-market' of custom equipment and parts."

"Like hot rods of old, vans became expressions of personality, the property of teen life. Social scientists would call them 'peer pressure objects.'"

The van scene exploded out of the high school parking lot into the leisure world of spelunkers, rock hounds, scuba divers, boaters, sailplanes; soon all California was into vans. One reason for their popularity is obvious. There you are, several feet above traffic, with greater visibility than in a passenger car; you're able to spot traffic tie-ups, and safety is greatly increased. Vans give a feeling of control unmatched in anything except a Diamond-T cab-over tractor, and at one-

fifth the price. In the driver's seat of a van you have a tendency to laugh at Jaguars and Lancias with their rack and pinion steering and tungsten anti-sway bars. You are in cosmic control, have a Hindu overview of life on wheels.

But the disadvantages of vaning can be enormous to the novice. As you gaze over the cars ahead of you, you suddenly realize that right at your back is a fair-sized room moving at 60 mph. It's scary until a driver masters the variety and complexity of side-mounted rearview mirrors. Parking is a sport all its own, and wind is a constant enemy because of the vehicle's high center of gravity. Low gas mileage and conversion costs are sad economic facts.

But George Barris, for one, doesn't see this last as a problem. "There are lots of people willing to spend \$20,000 on a van and conversion," he says. "I've done one." Barris' \$20,000 job is a bright yellow Dodge, so radically altered that few would recognize it as a van. The huge, gull-wing doors have been replaced by smoked picture windows. They can be raised to reveal an interior done in acrylic pink fuzz, a stereo, television set, a bar and an elaborate mini-chandelier. But one expects such tricks from Barris, who has just completed a Lincoln for heavy-weight George Foreman—suede seats, Italian marble, mouton carpets and a gold "E" on one side—for a mere \$30,000. Who said losers have to take the bus? "I'm about to start a van for Elton John," says Barris. What Barris and Elton John might do to a nice Ford Econoline 150 is beyond imagining.

There are two basic van conversions. The "surfer" concept is a self-contained vehicle good for transportation and maybe an overnight stay at the beach. The "camper" van is designed for extended camping and is popular with older people and serious outdoorsmen. The best way to get a surfer van is to buy a "bare" van from a dealer and move it around from one small custom shop to the next for interior woodwork, painting, windows, electronics, tires, etc. It is like passing through a cafeteria line with a tray.

The bare van is much less Spartan than in years past as Detroit adapts to the needs of the rising number of recreational vanners. Now one can be ordered from the factory with power steering and brakes, extra gas tanks for up to 40 gal-

lons of fuel, full air conditioning, captain's chairs, quad stereo, single side doors (and rear ones on Dodges), a choice of four window configurations and towing options. The price ranges up to \$6,000. Conversion can add another \$5,000 to the bill.

But Detroit isn't worried about the price if the buyers aren't. Dodge is completing a plant in Windsor, Ontario that will crank out only vans—20 of them per hour. And this month Ford began production in its Dearborn, Mich. plant of factory-customized vans—500 carpeted and brilliantly painted vehicles will roll off the assembly line each month.

If you buy a bare van, however, and want to convert it to a camper you can take it to Karavan in Torrance, Calif. President Bud Blankenship, a portly, affable man, rules over one of the largest companies doing van conversions. His office is ringed by television monitors that show key points on his assembly line. Karavan's product is best known on the trailer-park and KOA circuits, though the company does surfer models as well. "We do about 3,000 conversions a year," he says, "and we'd double that if we could get more vans from the industry." Blankenship works on dealers' orders for fully converted vans. But you can take your own van to him.

The first thing he does is cut out the top to install a fiber-glass dome to provide head room for the occupants. Then come floors, vent windows, paneled walls, cabinetry, double bed and other luxury goodies. The average camper conversion at Karavan runs to \$2,500. Because vans are considered dwellings, those registered in California must be inspected by the Housing Authority to see that they meet electrical and plumbing codes. "We also must varmint-proof the campers," says Blankenship.

An equipped mini-motor home such as a Winnebago goes for around \$10,000, and customized vans are available well below that. "Those big RVs get about six to eight miles to the gallon," says Blankenship. "And vans are up to nine mpg at 8,500 GVW [gross vehicle weight], under city conditions [14 mpg is a more reasonable highway figure]. Another reason vans are outselling trailers and motor homes is because they double as a second car. A guy drives a van to work and back all week, giving his wife

continued

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IN THE VAN *continued*

the car. On Friday the guy rolls out of the factory lot, picks up the wife and kids, gives up, gets ice, and the family is off for the weekend. Lots of people keep bedding and clothes in their vans all the time. They're ready."

One of Blankenship's campers is more like a ship cabin than a vehicle. Couches turn into beds, turn into kitchen sinks, turn into dressing rooms, and on and on. A Castro Convertible nightmare to those who are not adept. "We're dealing here in millimeters," says Blankenship, "and unlike a boat huller, we can't extend a van by a foot if the stove won't fit. We have to deal with what Detroit gives us." The result is a van the size of a San Quentin isolation cell: perhaps a couple could camp in such a vehicle through a rainy weekend without shooting each other, but one doubts it.

Blankenship uses his personal camper van in more or less typical fashion. "I like to hunt in Arizona," he says. "So I put my motorcycle in it and go up in the mountains as far as possible. The van serves as a base camp. I go on with the hike until it's no longer able to handle the terrain, pitch a tent and continue on foot." Who'll be the first to conquer Everest in a van?

California motorcyclists figure a van can hold five people, three bikes, two beds, tools, spare parts and food and clothing enough to go to weekend motocross events in style and comfort. Rock hounds fit vans with big polishers and the other exotic tools of their hobby. Fishermen and sailors have been won over. "Just what I needed," said one vanner, putting his Hobie Cat into the water at the Huntington Beach public marina last month. "I can tow my boat and live in style while I'm here with the family. Before, I used a station wagon that barely held the sailbags. And it's a whole lot cheaper than a beach house at Malibu."

Real-estate agents have adapted nicely to the van, using them as on-site offices, fitted with desks, drinks and contract forms. The hesitant buyer is ushered in and makes his purchase without the long drive back to the office during which he might have second thoughts.

If you're young and a surfer, you can take your bare van to Van Nuys, to an alley among warehouses and machine shops, where a number of customers do

business. The alley is typical of the van underground spreading across the country. Here small companies try to scratch a living by selling van accessories and services. One, called World of Difference, is operated by Leon Killebrew and Tom Rich, who is known locally as the Michelangelo of van murals. Rock music blares through the shop and the smell of acrylics blends with that of sawdust. A former advertising illustrator, Rich offers scenes ranging from nudes to the kind of surfscapes sold in Honolulu tourist shops, only these are painted on the upper rear two-thirds of a van instead of on black velvet. "I've done 'Jaws' and motorcycle scenes," says Rich, "but most people seem to prefer the sea or the desert, places that suggest escape and privacy." Rich averages \$65 per side for each mural.

In the same building as World of Difference, Craig Smith makes his living as a woodworker, producing interiors that challenge the imagination. He is working on a van called Calypso, a deep blue number with a nautical theme. It features a spoked, wooden ship's wheel, heavy mahogany paneling, a captain's bed, a bar made of rare woods and fitted with wide-bottomed crystal ship's decanters, and enough Pacific blue shag carpeting to make one head for the Dramamine. The vanners are keeping Burlington Mills in business. Smith's handwork costs from \$600 to \$5,000. "A kid can't do much of this work," he says. "It's not like it was with hot rods. And it's beyond the skill of the average home builder. The interior of a van is a series of reverse curves, and the wiring is complex, with airline lights, running lights and stereos. So you almost have to go to a specialty shop."

Even in the hazy world of the custom van, some requests are all but impossible to fulfill. Smith recalls one for a light show. "You know, light panels hooked up to the stereo to provide pulsing patterns with the music. That's not unusual, but this kid wanted 5,000 separate bulbs in the van. I told him he'd better go to TTT."

One of the staples of hip life, the water bed, has proved completely unsuitable for vans. "One sharp curve with 80 gallons of water sloshing around back there and you'd turn turtle right away," says a customer.

continued



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Today's vanners care little about power; they are satisfied with the 351 V-8s that are standard Detroit issue. It is as if they have turned from being engineers and mechanics, which they were in the hot-rod era, to being artists and decorators, competing with wild ideas instead of in street races. On a calm day, the gas pedal pressed to the floor, a van may do 80 mph. Not coincidentally, the insurance rate for under-25 kids is much lower for a van than for a deep-breathing GTO.

Van organizations have sprung up throughout the Southwest and are gaining strength elsewhere; there are 25 magazines devoted exclusively to vans and at least one newspaper. Van events, called burn-outs, pushes or Van-Gos, are attracting thousands. These events are only nominally competitive, centering around admiring vehicles, picnics, sack races and tugs-of-war.

What the advent of the van seems to represent is a new kind of freedom. Getting there is *most* of the fun, never mind the destination. One can be almost constantly in motion. The kids play behind the driver's seat while you're going 55 mph; you can brew a cup of tea, listen to stereo, sack out, take a shower or watch television en route. We may end up a nation of nomads, as the kids have been predicting, wandering like Indians following the sun.

It is Friday afternoon and you are headed east out of L.A. on a freeway. Another van is beside you, a deep purple job called Lazarus, fitted with casket hardware and the black crushed-silk interior of a coffin. The driver's headphones are plugged into a roof-mounted jack. His shoulder-length hair blows straight back in the wind, a quadraphonic loon, surely, on a macabre and secret mission. On the other side of your vehicle is a camper van in which an elderly woman in a gaucho blouse sits at a formica table, watching soaps on television and eatingritos.

Where are we headed? And does it matter, as long as we're doing it in style and comfort? The old woman scowls from her picture window as she spies Lazarus. Her wrinkled face looks like a road map for vanners, on which you can't read the names of towns or highways or mountains. It doesn't matter as long as we're under way in a van.

END

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a Pussycat made
without Early Times?"**



"A dog!"



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It comes in mild, spicy, pizza, salmon, bacon, and pepperoni. At your grocer's.

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Slim Jim. The all-meat snack. Maybe we should actually be calling it an appetizer.

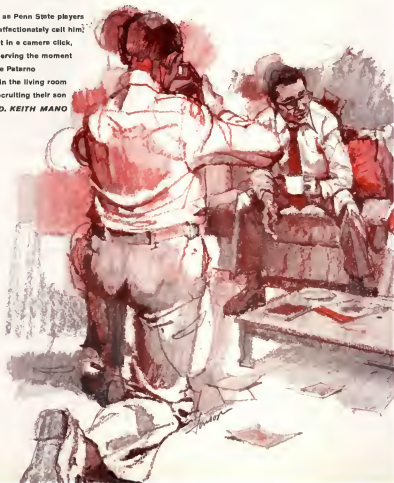
**A little less than a meal.
A little more than a snack.**



SAY 'CHEESE,' MOM AND POP

The Rat, as Penn State players affectionately call him, is caught in a camera click, preserving the moment when Joe Paterno sat in the living room recruiting their son

by D. KEITH MANO



Joe Paterno wipes his feet for old Penn State: clop-clop, scrape-scrape, treading on the welcome mat. Can't track mud across a football mother's rug—promising young halfbacks and tight ends have been lost for less than that. A good recruiter is a good house guest. You might not want to live with him, but he's a great guy for visits. Watch Joe jump to his feet and shake hands when an aunt or a cousin

or a neighbor drops in to meet Coach Paterno himself. High Church ceremonies aren't more rigorous. And the paraphernalia of worship is always on hand. We travel from home to home as primitive Christians once did. In each house there is a sanctuary set aside for the god Sport. Trophies are gaudy: plaques, like icons, repanel every paneled game room. They'd burn incense, but you're not supposed to smoke when you're in training.

Polaroids tell the story. Paterno, call him Joe, with right arm high up, around the shoulders of parent or athlete or high school principal. Get bursters in that arm and he'll have to retire. Mr. Defensive Tackle Sr. snaps a quickie—smile, hold it—of Joe and Mrs. Defensive Tackle Sr. in the sanctuary. "You're beautiful," Joe tells her, "but I don't like the company you keep." Sure enough, there's a whole stack of Polaroids: Mrs. D.T. with Woody Hayes, with Bo Schembechler, with Johnny Majors.

Even so, Mr. and Mrs. both want their son at Penn State. Joe recruits families, not just men. He'd recruit a boy's entire neighborhood if there was time. On the phone you hear him say, "I'll be up Monday night. Dinner? I don't want to impose. Sure, tell your mother to make some of that good Italian food and I'll bring an

opera record. Just show me the wooden spoon, I'll help her with the sauce." Paterno had about 35 high school prospects this year. Out of that total he will win over 22 or 23—and about 30 mothers. The mothers may not do a 9.5 hundred, but they're aggressive, very aggressive.

On the stock exchange of life it's time to sell. Possibly never again will these good middle-class folks get such flattering, strong attention. They are self-important, but shy and excited, like chance witnesses to a murder on the 11 o'clock news. This is their moment; we should all have one. Yet it's odd, the athletes seem less elated—a blasé, non-committal crew. They stare at their strangers' hands and murmur, "Yuh. Uh-huh. Uh-huh." Each appears guilty, as though caught perpetrating some crime: bigness perhaps.

Penn State, friends, doesn't fool around. These are the best—fastest, largest, meanest—athletes for 500 miles in any direction. Six-foot-five, six-seven, going up. At rest they burn enough calories to boil water. And the sisters of these players are a special study. You suspect that this stag line of recruiters is the last insult in a long, hopeless sibling rivalry. The sisters hang around; they want recognition. They criticize Penn State or Paterno's freshman study hall. So Joe recruits them, too, being gentle, attentive. A stand-up comedian doesn't use hecklers more adroitly. The parents are simply satisfied to enjoy it all. One mother points at Joe, surprised, for the second or third time, "See. Just the way he looks on television."

Just. Paterno has the build of an old G.I. Joe doll, all detachable rickety parts. His feet stand out, separate and overlarge, the way your feet would look with three pairs of rubbers on. Each lank shin indecently shows sock to the five-inch line. Paterno strides bowlegged: right knee and left knee have never been on speaking terms. This is the walk of a lonely man, a walk for deserted beaches. He appears to be in midshrug. He might as well be wearing old-fashioned shoulder pads, the kind Bobby Layne wore. His eyes dart: tropical marine life seen through a glass-bottomed boat. The horn-rims magnify with such severity it seems you could serve up a martini on his cheekbone. And the hair. With that wet-look pompadour he might be understudying for a small-town production of *Grease*. It's an honest face. There's not much else it could be. It has a powerful, decent homeliness. He reminds you of, well, some paradigmatic brother-in-law. Joe Paterno looks the way he thinks. That is, unlike your typical head coach.

His approach seems too simple. You'd probably be disappointed. Paterno sells closeness. His recruiting strategy is parochial: Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, a bit of Ohio. Reasonable car distances. Mother and father, girl back home, high school friends, they can all come. Penn State football sounds like a four-year tailgate party. The boys have been South to visit North Carolina and Dallas. They've been to eight bowl games in nine years. Joe knows that the University Park campus, beautiful as it is, may look unforgiving in December or January. Once

continued





MIKE GUMAN
Bethlehem, Pa.
6' 3", 200, tailback

"When Paterno came to my house it wasn't anything spectacular. But my sisters loved him. One of them works in the Holiday Inn where he was staying and speaking at a testimonial banquet. In the speech he mentioned how fantastic the motel bar service was. My sister said it 'Nobody else knew but my family. It was special and made us feel great.'"



BOB JAGERS
Washington, D.C.
6' 3", 230, guard

"He's more like a real person than other head coaches I talked with. He's an average guy, blends right in. He's got charisma like a lot of them, but he can sit there and talk to you without wiggling all around in his chair. My parents went to his house, had coffee and came back sold on Penn State. He was explicit about my having to study. My folks liked that."



MATT SUNEY
State College, Pa.
5' 11", 210, tailback

"Joe and my parents used to live together when he came here as an assistant coach. When I was eight he gave me his picture inscribed, 'Study hard, play hard and I'll see you at Penn State.' I still have it. My brothers played for Joe, but I thought of trying Ohio State. He convinced me there was no sense going 500 miles to get something I can have right here at home."

SAY "CHEESE" *Continued*

Paterno has recruited them, Penn State will lose very few football players: maybe that's because they've been snowed in. The athlete wants to go far away, but Joe has depth on his side; Mom and Dad are playing second-string behind him. Now, look—right hand holds left pinky—Penn State is a fine school academically, our won-lost record will speak for the quality of the football, why travel? Why? Joe's persuasive, low-key, an uncle. The boy grunts, "Yuh. Uh." But mother says, "True." She's rooting for Joe. After all, he didn't track mud across her rug.

It's more than that, of course. We'll pretend. Let Joe Paterno recruit you. Sit back. As you read this, say "yuh" now and then. Imagine a Brooklyn accent. His voice is high and soft and nasal. (Penn State players call Paterno "The Rat." The voice gets higher, more nasal when he's mad.) Listen carefully, the man makes sense.

"I hope no boy selects a school, Penn State or anywhere else, because the head coach comes into his home—that's just about as bad a way as any to make a selection. When an athlete comes up to our campus we don't roll out the red carpet. We're not fancy recruiters. We stick him in a room with one of our players. We don't put him in a classy motel. We don't give him a car and we don't get him a date. He just wanders around the campus on his own. We'll set up academic interviews so a boy can ask questions, see the facilities, learn what opportunities there are in his field. Recruiting has become an end in itself for some coaches. Too many Pyrrhic victories are won—you get a kid who ends up not being happy or able to handle the work."

"Our kids, sometimes even the ones that don't play, are our best recruiters. You'd be amazed how many times one of our football players will say about a prospect who has visited the campus, 'I don't think you want that kid.' They know the kind of boy who'll fit in. We don't have athletic dorms at Penn State. The kids must mix. That's why I dislike freshman eligibility. A boy should have a chance to go to college and be John Doe without all of a sudden being locked into a football reputation—nobody wants to ask him about history or art or music, they just want to know about the team. Even though we've taken advantage of the fact that freshmen are eligible to play, I think it's a lousy rule, an unfair rule. There's so much besides football. Athletes who come to Penn State shouldn't be tied down to a football program. These should be the four greatest years of their lives. I tell them, 'Enjoy yourselves.' I consider football an extracurricular activity, like debating or the band. It should never be removed from that context. More than 90% of our players graduate on schedule."

Naturally, with such a slack attitude, Paterno can afford to take it slow recruiting. Not work too hard at it. Are you kidding? This is Penn State, not some intramural flag-football squad. That gawky, windup-doll frame slouches like winter itself across the Pennsylvania countryside. Let's follow him for two days.

Tuesday, 9:30 a.m. Philadelphia airport. Assistant Coach Dick Anderson picks Paterno up. (He spoke at a Charlotte, N.C. banquet Monday night.)

12:00 See a 6' 5" defensive tackle. Father and local coach also present at the high school.

2:00 Drive north. Another 6' 5" defensive tackle, another high school. Some Polaroids.

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The convertible, alas, is fast becoming extinct.

Since 1970 alone, 46 foreign and domestic makes have disappeared. Last year, even the once-mighty Corvette fell victim.

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Being true open roadsters, each lets you feel a wind-in-the-hair freedom almost forgotten in today's boxed-in world.

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What's more, both face economic reality as squarely as they face survival. With estimated EPA mileage of 19 mpg (city) and 25 mpg (highway) for the TR6; and 25 mpg (city) and 37 mpg (highway) for the Spitfire. Your mileage will depend

on where and how you drive, the condition of your car, and your optional equipment.

All of this, of course, helps explain why the TR6 and Spitfire are still around.

After all, it's the strongest in any species that survive.

For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer call: 800-347-4700. In Illinois call: 800-322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

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Taste and pleasure come together with today's Old Gold.

3:00. Visit with the boy's family in a county jail (father is the warden). "Well, at least he won't find the Penn State campus confining."

5:00. Switch cars, assistant coaches. John Chuckran drives Paterno to meet a 6'7" offensive lineman and family. Every time this boy breathes they have to build an extension on the house.

7:00. Drive north. Watch a superb 6'3" tailback play basketball.

10:00. A beer with the tailback's family at home. Some Polaroids.

12:00. No room at the inn in Bethlehem (Pa.). Paterno rents a cot for the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* writer. Paterno wears blue pajamas (no number on the back). He doesn't snore. He goes right to sleep. Overtired, the writer counts linen until 2 a.m.

Wednesday, 6:00 a.m. A chartered two-engine Aztec flies Paterno and Assistant Gregg Duquette to Waterbury, Conn.

10:30. Chat with the father of a 6'5" defensive tackle at his office. "Remember you're just 4½ hours by car from Penn State."

1:00. Meet son and sister and coach at high school.

2:00. Leave Duquette behind. Fly from Waterbury to Berwyn, Pa. Aztec lands on a grass runway too small for full-court basketball.

3:00. Chat with a 6'2" linehacker in his high school. More Polaroids. Michigan assistant coach has just left.

4:00. Take off under the backboard, airborne at mid-court. Return to Bethlehem over the hard-coal region of Pennsylvania.

6:30. Alumni reception.

8:00. Attend testimonial banquet given by Lehigh Valley and Pocono Mountain alumni in honor of graduating Halfback Woody Petchel. Paterno ad-libbs a marvelous speech. First unhurried meal in 48 hours.

11:00. Fly back to Penn State.

1:00. Car starts in the airport parking lot. Amazing. Paterno will be up at 7 a.m. on Thursday.

Tell your 10-year-old son now, break the news gently: he'll never play football at Penn State. Paterno says, "Last year Dick Anderson covered the whole of southeast Pennsylvania plus all of South Jersey and he had only one prospect. To maintain the quality of our programs we've got to find the best athletes. We can't afford to take boys who might be good, we're very tough in our evaluation."

Halftime at a high school basketball game. Cheerleaders are high-kicking to a distracted audience. Paterno has outdrawn them. There are 30, 40 kids in line before him. Paterno doesn't just give autographs, he personalizes them, writes each a little billet-doux. It's natural, he's at home. In Pennsylvania that lovable, odd face gets a higher recognition rating than the governor or the senators. After midnight Paterno goes to the Holiday Inn restaurant. You see, he promised a waiter he would. Paterno has been on stage for 18 hours, yet he will listen. The waiter knows this "real good football player." Paterno won't give false encouragement. The player, a quarterback, is 5'11", 190. And names. Names. The names he has to remember. This is their opening gambit. "Back in 1959 I played basketball with a friend of yours [dramatic pause], John Douakes." Paterno will re-

continued

BRUCE CLARK
New Castle, Pa.
6' 3", 242, linebacker

"He wasn't like your other receivers. He wouldn't move like a friend. Nothing hard or pressing. He was just going to get you. I had friends check that out, and it's true. Paterno never said to me, 'You're a good player like your brother who came.' He talked about football and life, how our lives were like the other—our work, our fun."



FRANK CASE
Doyletown, Pa.
6' 5", 240, defensive tackle

"When Paterno came to visit, he turned the whole school upside down. Kids kept saying, 'Are Paterno's coming to see you?' It's quite an eye catcher. Paterno is from Brookhaven and is just nice. They talked a lot on the phone before he visited. He said they had even before I met Paterno. Mom had one signed, sealed and delivered in Penn State. I guess it."



GARY PTAK
Syracuse, N.Y.
6' 3", 245, tackle

"He was going to help and, later, but he came a little late. Paterno surprises you just walking in the door. I had been here between Notre Dame and Penn State. I visited University Park with my folks, and when we saw Paterno, he knew us right off. We didn't have to introduce ourselves. He stuck out his hand and said, 'Hi, guys, how you doing?'"



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ME**

**TALK TO
ME**



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In a world where people are all a little like Fred, afraid that they'll go unnoticed, that their very real questions will go unanswered, it will always be our business to know people person to person. That's why the men and women in the life and health insurance companies in America make this promise:

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The impersonal future? That's not our way of doing business.

call John Doakes. "Sure, how is John?" It makes their day. Families, neighborhoods, heck, he recruits the whole state. You don't wonder gubernatorial candidate Drew Lewis (who's he?) wanted Paterno for his running mate. And he's not the only politician that has thought of that.

"A lot of our fans are spoiled," Paterno says. "I tell my staff, 'We should go out and have an 0-11 season.' I'd find out who my friends were. Probably have to take my phone number out of the book. But I don't feel the pressure, never have. Maybe I just don't take myself seriously. The only pressure I feel is the pressure of time: so many people wanting you for so many things."

Paterno has a thunderous .839 percentage—94 wins, 18 losses, one tie. A winner can talk out, he can be a gadfly. Paterno has influenced recruiting. He advocated—loudly, stubbornly, long before others—a number of changes that have been adopted in recent years:

A limit on football grants-in-aid: 30 per year, 95 total after four years. "That's why we're recruiting only 20 or 22 players. Any college that recruits the full 30 will have to develop attrition so that they end up with 95 in four years. We are going to see boys getting run off teams. Four times 30 is 120."

A limit on campus visits. "One boy visited 58 campuses in a single recruiting season."

A limit (three) on player-coach, player-alumni contacts off campus. "It gives the kid a chance to think without being badgered or harassed. A good rule if people would live by it. There's the bump clause: if you happen to bump into someone, that doesn't count as a contact. Seems to me there's an awful lot of bumping. Some assistant coaches are masters of coincidence."

Paterno isn't finished. Of one-platoon football, he says: "I like it. You still could have fine football with 50 or 60 people. My basic concern is that we have as many schools as possible playing football. I don't want to see Vermont dropping the game. One-platoon football would help, but I don't think you'll see it in my lifetime."

Postseason playoffs: "I get a kick out of people who say it would extend the season too long. Look at basketball—they play forever. The NCAA has no compunctions about prolonging their basketball tournament. Kids miss much more class time in basketball than they ever miss in football. Listen, people moan about finances. A two-game football playoff might mean as much as \$8 million. I'd take that money and found a development bank. Invest it, don't touch it for five or six years, then when a college is in trouble—like Vermont—you could give a grant or a low-interest loan. It would be a way to finance women's programs. It would be for the betterment of intercollegiate athletics."

The minibus is corpulent, yellow; it looks like a small Amtrak dining car. There are plush seats and tables enough for 20 alumni. Penn State place mats, glasses. Inboard liquor cabinet, inboard stereo that will play anything so long as it's a Penn State song.

*When we stood at childhood's gate,
Shapeless in the hands of fate,
Thou didst mold us, dear old State,
Dear old State, dear old State.*

Well, they're not shapeless—out of shape, shall we say—the 25 Lehigh Valley alumni. They're getting up for the testimonial banquet, tadgating at 8 p.m. Paterno comes on board. Insurance salesmen, accountants, restaurateurs—for these folk Joe Paterno provides 11 Saturdays' worth of catharsis every fall. They're grateful to him. They give Joe their best Polaris gifts. Greg Buttle, the All-America linebacker, gets on.

"How's it going, Coach Paterno?"

"Just fine, Player Buttle."

Buttle has to laugh. "He wants us to call him Joe. I can't do it. I call him Coach Paterno. So he calls me Player Buttle. It was tough for me at first. In my freshman year I never talked to him. I saw him in his shorts one day. I thought, *Joe Paterno in shorts*. It was like seeing a god in shorts. Then when you start playing—well, now I talk to him like he was my dad."

We come to the paradox here. It nags at Coach Paterno, call him Joe. Football should be fun. The authoritarian coach is obsolete. "What difference does it make how long a kid's hair is?" Paterno has said all those things. Yet, at the banquet, he's visibly disappointed to see an ex-player in muttonchops. He won't let one bearded graduate appear in the 1975 highlight film.

"It is paradoxical," he says, "I'm very much aware of that. Sometimes, frankly, I find it hard to dissect my thoughts. I don't want any hot dogs on my team. If you're a hot dog you tend to get careless in the clutch. That's why we wear very plain uniforms. We don't put stars on the helmets. As far as hair is concerned, I don't want a player to be ahead of his style. That's just a gut feeling I have. Yet I want them to be free spirits off the field, intellectual, inquiring. You have to be flexibly inflexible, I guess." There's a Profanity Box in the Penn State training room. "It's another kind of discipline, a form of poise. Swearing, kicking a football, throwing a helmet down, those are petty things that interfere with control in a tight situation. I put \$5 or \$6 in the box every year. I'm human, I say things like [yes, he spells it out] h-e-l-l. But"—now Paterno is defensive—"I put in a quarter, they only have to put in a dime."

Football time is structured, scientific, efficient as a DNA molecule. This disturbs Paterno. It can vitiate a college freshman's inner life. It can vitiate Paterno's inner life. He understands that sport should be play. Paterno will quote from Huxley's *Homo Ludens*. The imaginative faculty is nourished by haphazard free play. Paterno is most ambivalent here: you can't "play" big-time football without authority, discipline, time-labor effectiveness. He knows, too, that this can murder the spirit. You sense that Paterno—the intellectual, the Ivy League English Lit. grad, the opera buff—has painted himself into a corner. He loves coaching young men. Yet, whatever balance he can manage between discipline and free play is ephemeral, unfulfilling. He must read the soul, the moment, instance by instance, as a quarterback has to read defenses. Coach and man can never quite live at ease together.

The banquet begins. Paterno is at the lectern. He leans all over it, angular, alert, rather like an Italian praying mantis. He says, "I've spent 3½ years telling these guys they've got to be leaders, they've got to wear socks when

continued

Quality speaker systems distribute the audio load between a combination of two or more speakers. Low frequency signals are produced by the larger speakers, and high frequency signals are produced by the smaller speakers. This is done by horn drivers or an electrostatic driver.

WHICH SPEAKERS ARE BEST?

The sensible way to buy speakers is to listen to the ones you want. A-S test the two favorites by listening back and forth between the two speakers. (Keep the volume well below the level of the loudspeaker.) Always note the power required for each speaker.

Most turntables are driven by the indirect method, whereby the motor is turned either by idler wheels or by a belt device (belts) connecting the motor to the platter. The most sophisticated units employ the direct drive method which eliminates idler wheels by coupling the drive shaft of the motor to the platter.

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However, at one time, owning a Yamaha stereo system tended to be a rather expensive proposition. Our ultimate system, for example, hailed by the critics for such innovations as Vertical-FET circuitry and beryllium dome speakers, carries a suggested retail price of over \$7,000.

But now Yamaha introduces a selection of new stereo components that let your Yamaha audio dealer create a high quality system for a suggested retail price of around \$7,000.

What you're getting is the same performance and design concept of our most expensive system, but without the frills. Also, each component has been specially selected and matched to enhance the performance of the other components.

The Receiver: There's a lot more than power to our new CR-450 stereo receiver.

You'll enjoy brilliant tonality resulting from super low distortion—0.1% intermodulation and total harmonic distortion. (These figures are amazing, considering most other competitive receivers are typically 5% to 10%.)

In addition, Yamaha offers a full complement of functional features on the CR-450: Twin meters for precise tuning; High and Low Filters to eliminate noise interference; And two headphone jacks, so you don't have to listen alone. Plus our own exclusive Variable Loudness Control, which gives you full tonal balance—even at low volume levels.

The Turntable: Yamaha's new high-performance YP-450 shares many of the features of our ultimate system turntable, the YP-800.

A low mass tonearm, with adjustable height and anti-skating allows the stylus to track flawlessly at the lightest pressure. And the cue control is viscously damped in both directions to prevent record damage.

A handsome walnut-grained base and a dust cover are standard.

The Speakers: By the careful refinement of proven acoustic and electronic

engineering principles, Yamaha's NS-2 rivals the sound quality of many larger, more expensive speakers.

The NS-2's soft dome tweeter and high compliance, foam surrounded woofer (the same design principles featured in our superlative NS-690 speaker) offer excellent high frequency dispersion as well as clean, accurate bass reproduction.

Underneath the NS-2's removable grille cloth, quality construction is evident in the fully finished front cabinetry.

The Headphones: Yamaha's patented new Orthodynamic design HP-2 combines the smooth highs of the best electrostatic headphones with the full, rich bass of the best dynamic types.

The HP-2's comfortable, featherlight styling (by Italian designer Mario Bellini) is now on display in the New York Museum of Modern Art.

An Introduction to Stereo. Chances are, when it comes to understanding terms like watts, dB's and signal-to-noise ratios, you're probably a little confused. So we've prepared a booklet that explains the basics of the world of sound.

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Audio Division, P.O. Box 6600-N,
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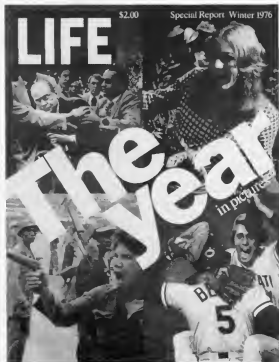
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they go to class." Then, on a shrewd impulse, he calls them up, players and ex-players. About 10 boys stand at ease behind "The Rat." "What I thought we'd do—I thought we'd turn this into a testimonial dinner for me. Go ahead, guys, tell the people what you think of me." It's unrehearsed, hazardous; only someone in perfect control, a master tactician, would have risked it. And one after another they unload on him: Italian jokes; imitations of his voice; succinct, sharp one-liners. The audience, numbering close to 800, breaks up.

"I just wanted you to share the give-and-take we have," Paterno says when the high jinks die down. "There's something about a bunch of people who come together to do things that are hard and difficult. No matter how you say it, football is not an easy game. They worked at it, they practiced, but through it all I watched them grow together, love each other. A feeling develops among them that they may never have again." It's not just jock horseplay. Below the speaker's platform there's a special table: those four Lehigh Valley boys, the ones visited on Tuesday, sit with their mothers and fathers. They have to be impressed. And they'll probably still be impressed the day they sign their letters of intent. (The six pictured on pages 42 and 47 are all going to Penn State.)

And then Paterno talks about Ridge Riley. Riley was the author of the Penn State football letter. They all knew him. For three years he had been writing a history of Penn State football, *The Road to Number One*. "He came to my house," Paterno says. "He used to come over to my house every Sunday before writing the football letter. We were sitting there and he said, 'Joe, I've got the book finished and I want to write a concluding chapter. I'd like to ask you how we stand right now, this year.' Just as I was about to answer him, Ridge said, 'Joe, I don't feel good.' He put his head down. He was dying right there in my living room. Well, I'm going to tell you now what I was about to tell Ridge Riley." Corn? Sure, and so's the St. Crispin's Day speech in *Henry 4*. It's a matter of style. Paterno is eloquent and dignified and straightforward. And extemporé. The speech moves us all. There is thunderous applause.

Suddenly you stop wondering why this man wins. Paterno has class. And he hasn't lost a banquet yet.

END

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The toast of the Coast

That was the boast as the powerful women's teams of UCLA and Cal State Fullerton (host) met to decide which was the most. UCLA toast—er, lost



When Fullerton's Dunkle went to work, it was time for UCLA to give up the ghost.

UCLA's campus, hemmed in by the expensive homes of Bel Air and the smart stores of Westwood Village, is not exactly a slum itself. Modern dormitory towers stand sentinel on a hill overlooking the track and field stadium, and there are broad brick walkways and plazas and a magnificent sculpture garden. So it is a bit surprising to discover that the headquarters for women's intercollegiate athletics is a temporary building made out of two green trailers stuck together with nails and dreams and hidden behind the women's gym.

But then most of women's sport in California is in the trailer stage—new and a bit sloppy, yet with bright promise and a firm foundation—and basketball is a good example. UCLA and California State at Fullerton, its strongest

area rival, are good—they pass and press and shoot with commendable skill—but 10 years from now, maybe even five, films of today's teams in action will elicit chuckles. It will be like Muhammad Ali seeing a film of Jess Willard. The UCLA and Cal State Fullerton players, who battled each other last Thursday night at Fullerton, are pioneers, pathfinding for their younger sisters, some of whom may someday be traveling with men's teams to faraway big arena doubleheaders. And not necessarily for preliminary games, either.

The best in the West are UCLA's Ann Meyers, a 5'9" sophomore who made All-America as a freshman, and Fullerton's 6'2" All-America center, Nancy Dunkle, a junior who is unusually quick and nimble for her size. They played together two years in high school and more recently on the U.S. women's national team, which lost close games to Czechoslovakia and Japan at the World Championships in Colombia and then won the Pan-Am gold medal in Mexico.

Meyers is the younger sister of ex-UCLA star Dave, now a rookie with the Milwaukee Bucks. One of 11 children, she was the first woman to get a full basketball grant-in-aid to UCLA. She immediately proved herself worthy, leading the Bruins in virtually every statistic. This season she is third in scoring behind junior Karen (Mama) Nash and freshman Anita Ortega, but leads the team in rebounds, steals and assists. Perhaps realizing there is no market for women pro basketball players, Meyers is thinking of going out for the Bruins' championship volleyball team.

Dunkle, according to Fullerton Coach Billie Moore, is "the best all-around center in women's basketball. She can pass, rebound, shoot." Dunkle is majoring in criminal justice and is in her second year of coaching the girls' varsity at Valencia High School near the college.

With Dunkle plus five other women at 5'11", Fullerton had a decisive height ad-

vantage in the UCLA game, but the Bruins' full-court press, abetted by the quickness of Meyers and Guard Judy Lewinter, had helped UCLA win an earlier game at Pauley Pavilion, 73-68. And UCLA had already clinched the championship of the cumbrously named Southern California Women's Intercollegiate Athletic Conference.

"We are a quick team," says UCLA Coach Ellen Mosher, who was a prolific scorer in Iowa high school basketball. "I really like the running game. I like the aggressiveness of it. Still, we could use better size."

Moore, the U.S. Olympic coach and once a star basketball player in Kansas and a softball player good enough to join the champion Raybestos Brakettes in Connecticut, planned to rely primarily on Dunkle—if only Fullerton could smuggle the ball upcourt through the Bruins' blue-and-gold thicket. In the first half it could not, and with little more than two minutes to go UCLA led 36-26. A press that would have made John Wooden proud had forced maybe 600 turnovers, and a Bruin sub, 6'1" Heidi Nestor, had scored eight points.

Suddenly, in one stretch that tickled most of the 2,546 fans, UCLA itself could not pass straight or dribble anywhere but off its own sneakers. Fullerton, with no buckets from Dunkle, ran off six straight baskets and had a two-point lead at half-time.

The game stayed close in the second half, although Fullerton once led by eight. Meyers, who had suffered a broken nose in a defeat of Cal Poly Pomona earlier in the week and was playing with a protective mask, got in foul trouble and had to be taken out. She was sorely missed. She returned with 3:35 to go, scored four clutch points and was all over the court, but it was not enough as Fullerton won 74-69.

Height was the difference. Fullerton freshman Brenda Martin, 5'11", took down 17 rebounds, Dunkle had 12 (plus a game-high 23 points) and Fullerton outrebounded UCLA 56-40. Fullerton's defense was not bad, either, forcing leading Bruin scorers Nash and Ortega into missing 27 of 37 shots.

So each team had won on its home court by five points. The next stop, March 11-13, is the Region Eight tournament of the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women, where UCLA and Fullerton undoubtedly will

continued

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be the two top seeds and will probably meet in the finals. Two teams from that regional will go on to the nationals March 24-27 at Penn State.

After that, the two old high school teammates, Meyers and Dunkle, join the U.S. teams again for a tournament in Korea, the Olympic Trials in Warrensburg, Mo., an Olympic qualifying tournament in Ontario and finally, they hope, the Olympics in Montreal.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST Rutgers brought down the roof—and part of the ceiling—when it overhauled St. Bonaventure 83-80. Playing at home while paint flaked off the ceiling and onto the court, the Scarlet Knights had their backers roaring as they climaxed their first unbeaten regular season (26-0). Then it was on to the ECAC Metropolitan tournament, where they turned past LIU 104-76. Next came the wrap-up contest against St. John's, with the winner to face Princeton in the first round of the NCAA's, the loser to take on Indiana. The Knights trailed by nine early on, spun and won 70-67 as Hollis Copeland hit 11 of 14 shots and Phil Sellers drove in for three late baskets to also finish with 21 points.

Three other ECAC tournaments settled NCAA berths. A local columnist promised Massachusetts fans, who had complained about lack of press coverage in the Boston area, that if their team won at the New England regional, "the story won't be wedged in between the grille ads and the overseas flight arrivals." But Connecticut joined the Minutemen 73-69 and, with Joe Whelton and Al Weston teaming up for 44 points, upset Providence 87-73. Syracuse took the Upstate New York regional by trouncing Manhattan 83-57 and Niagara 77-68. Georgetown won the Southern regional, slopping Villanova 72-59 and George Washington 68-63.

"We wanted to give the people a show, do some dinkin," said VMI's Ron Carter, but a Richmond stall held down the score, VMI winning 41-33 to take the Southern Conference tournament. Carter, though, had something to show people: his MVP trophy.

Rich Laurel's 53 points carried Hofstra to the East Coast Conference title as it beat Bucknell, Lafayette and Temple.

By slopping Cornell 73-58 and Columbia 46-44, Princeton concluded its Ivy League schedule with a 14-0 record.

1. RUTGERS (28-0) 2. N. CAROLINA (23-3)

WEST The best bet in Las Vegas—UNLV to win—came through twice. The Rebels chopped down St. Mary's 124-86, Eddie Owens flicking in 33 points and Glen Gondrezick adding 22 more and grabbing 15 rebounds. Then, despite Marymount's slowdown, UNLV won 90-69, Owens finding the range for 29 points.

Trailing USC 62-58 with 8:07 to go, UCLA got six quick points from Richard Washington and pulled away to win 87-73. The Bruins had been guaranteed their 10th-straight league crown when Oregon settled the Pacific Eight race by nipping Oregon State 57-56. Ron Lee of the Ducks scored 16 of his 24 points in the second half, sinking the winning basket with 14 seconds remaining and then intercepting State's desperation court-length pass.

Arizona's Bob Elliott had 21 points and 11 rebounds in a 77-72 triumph over Arizona State to give the Wildcats their first Western AC title in 25 years.

The son shone for Boise State. Steve Connor, a guard on his father Bos' team, crumpled in six points in the second overtime and 20 in all as the Broncos clipped Weber State 77-70. The win gave Boise its first Big Sky championship.

In another overtime title-deciding contest, Pepperdine outlasted San Francisco 85-84 in the West Coast AC. Center Marcos Leite's 28 points and 15 rebounds enabled the Waves to hood the Dons their first home-court setback this season.

San Diego State bumped off Pacific 76-64 to win the Pacific Coast A.A. tournament and an NCAA berth.

1. UCLA (24-4) 5. UNLV (28-1)

MIDEAST Alabama locked up at least a tie for the Southeastern Conference title when it made 16 free throws in a row and got three steals and 10 points from Anthony Murray—all in the last 5:58—to overcome Georgia 87-76. For the Tide, which had been behind 72-65 before that surge, it was the 12th time it had rallied to win in the last 10 minutes. Barna also came back against Kentucky, but not far enough back, slicing deeply into a 13-point deficit with 4:19 left before succumbing 90-85. The Wildcats, perhaps inspired by having Adolph Rupp join their pregame huddle, played stick-out ball. Two sophomores led Kentucky, James Lee getting 21 points and 11 rebounds, Mike Phillips netting 25 points. Bernard King topped off a 33-point effort with a game-winning jumper in the last three seconds to give Tennessee a 78-76 win over Mississippi State. The Vols also beat Georgia 86-70, but did so without King, who suffered a compound dislocation of his left thumb. Outfitted with a splint, King is expected to be in the lineup in the NCAA playoffs. Ernie Grunfeld made up for

King's absence with a 37-point performance.

Scott May and Kent Benson twice combined for 42 points, leading Indiana past Northwestern 76-63 and Ohio State 96-67 for its second straight undefeated regular season. Big Ten runner-up Michigan was upset 81-79 by Minnesota, which got 32 points from Mike Thompson.

Bill Paterno scored eight points in overtime and Adrian Dantley had 33 overall as Notre Dame held off Western Michigan 95-88. Returning to Mid-American combat, Western zoned out Miami of Ohio 73-58 as Tom Cutter had a dozen rebounds and 23 points, then clinched its first league title in 25 years by defeating Bowling Green 71-58.

Western Kentucky defeated Morehead State 65-60 in the final of the Ohio Valley tournament. The Hilltoppers' opponent in this week's NCAA Midwest Regional will be Marquette, which tuned up by outscoring Xavier 20-1 in the final seven minutes of a 74-49 victory.

1. INDIANA (27-0) 2. MARQUETTE (28-1)

MIDWEST Now for the latest installment of the Big Eight soap opera, Jack Hartman, Jack Hartman. Playing at home, the Kansas State coach had cause for optimism, for beating Missouri would give the Wildcats the conference's NCAA berth. But as Jack Hartman was about to cross to center stage he was met by Misfortune, played by Willie Smith, a Missouri guard. Putting on a performance worthy of an Enemy, Smith scored a career-high 38 points, two of them after throwing an inbound pass off a Wildcat's back, felding the carom and laying it in. Missouri won 81-72, then got 23 more points from Smith as it wallowed Colorado 95-60 to seal its first outright title since 1930.

Cincinnati won the Metro VI tournament, dawning Georgia Tech 71-60 and Memphis State 103-95. State's Dexter Reed, who had 30 points against the Bearcats, tossed in 25 in an 87-76 upset of Louisville that helped earn the Tigers an NCAA berth.

Although double- and triple-teamed at times, Texas Tech's Rick Bullock scored 100 points in a three-game sweep to the Southwest Conference tournament title. But it was Mike Russell's 17-foot shot with two seconds left in the championship game that brought a 74-72 victory over Texas A&M.

A tie for first in the Missouri Valley was scrambled, Wichita State slopping Drake 75-69 while Southern Illinois was overruled by New Mexico State 103-92.

Oral Roberts' 11-game winning streak ended 87-78 when Tulsa's Bobby Okrusiek got hot. Okrusiek, a .390 non-shootersman in his 106-game career, scored 24 points, sinking his first 12 attempts.

1. CINCINNATI (24-3) 3. MISSOURI (24-4)

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FORD DIVISION



There are a lot of unusual things to report about Alvan Adams, beyond the fact that he is an extraordinarily good 6'9", 210-pound white rookie center in the National Basketball Association. Like the spelling of his first name, which he says is from "one of those long lists" in the Old Testament. Like his college grades, which were good enough to get him into medical school had he chosen to go that route. And like his appetite. Indeed, Adams has a good chance for a rare double: to become both Rookie of the Year and Trencherman of the Year in the NBA.

Adams, who plays for the Phoenix Suns, was the lone rookie picked for this year's NBA All-Star Game. Since he was behind Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, he played only 11 minutes and when he got back to Phoenix he was asked if he was disappointed.

"Yes," he said. "If I had known Kareem wasn't going to make it to the banquet, I would have eaten his salad. I would have eaten his steak, too. The only thing that stopped me was that I was afraid he'd walk in when I was halfway done. He might have been upset."

Suns publicist Tom Ambrose remembers asking Adams to make a 5-to-7 p.m. appearance at the grand opening of a fast-food stand.

"Well, I don't know if I can eat for two straight hours," said Adams. "Alvan," said Ambrose, "it's not an eating contest, it's a public appearance."

John Shumate, who was with the Suns at the time, was supposed to go to the opening, too, but took sick and could not. According to Ambrose, Adams ate enough for both of them while talking amiably with the customers. Toward the end he seemed to be nearly full but reached deep within himself like a true champion and made a finishing sprint: a taco and a double cheeseburger.

There is, of course, more to Adams than a digestive tract, as opponents have discovered:

- In a game against Los Angeles he scored 35 points, had four steals, eight assists and a blocked shot.
- In a game against Philadelphia he scored 30 points, had three steals, six assists, 18 rebounds and three blocked shots.

A rising young Sun

Center Alvan Adams is a slick, savvy candidate for rookie honors

- In a game against the champion Golden State Warriors he scored 33 points, had two steals, 10 rebounds, seven assists and four blocked shots.

Not bad for a 21-year-old kid who should be in the middle of his senior season at Oklahoma. Not bad for a stringbean who is the lightest center in the league, and one of the shortest. Adams has a soft, arcing jump shot that is accurate from as far out as the corners or the top of the key and has helped him average 19.1 points a game. He cannot muscle anybody around under the basket, but the Suns have burly forwards

Curtis Perry and Garfield Heard to help him rebound. Adams plays defense adequately, although he needs to become more aggressive without fouling. He is also capable of putting the ball on the floor and driving. What he really is, is a good NBA forward playing out of position.

Adams' forte is passing, a skill he mastered by the 10th grade in high school in Putnam City, a suburb of Oklahoma City, where Suns Coach John McLeod first saw him while he was coaching at the University of Oklahoma. Too often in the NBA when the basketball is passed to the center, his teammates never see it again until it either goes through the hoop or comes bouncing back to them off the rim. When it goes to Adams, who is usually stationed at the high post, the ball reappears more often than not: he is fourth in the NBA in assists with an average of 6.0 a game. The next-best center is Wes Unseld of the Washington Bullets, with 5.5.

"He's the best passing center since Johnny Kerr," says Suns Assistant Coach Al Bianchi, who has been in pro ball for 20 seasons. "He's the most popular guy on the team because he'll give it up. They love him."

Adams is especially adept at whipping the ball to teammate Paul Westphal under the hoop. Westphal was down in the dumps when Boston sent him to Phoenix last summer in return for Charlie Scott. But he cheered up considerably the first time he played with Adams in the Los Angeles pro summer league.

"I knew from that first game that he was good," says Westphal. "Just by the way he handled himself, how he protected the ball, how he moved so smoothly."

"Alvan surprised people his first time around," says Phoenix General Manager Jerry Colangelo. "He's by far the best pick we've ever made. No question about it. He has great hands, a great pair of hands. He's an offensive threat passing the ball. It's nice to try to project what he'll be two or three years from now, with experience."

Adams is a very confident, poised young man, yet he never expected instant success in the pros. Perhaps one reason was that the University



HE COULD ALSO WIN TRENCHERMAN OF THE YEAR

continued



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PRO BASKETBALL (continued)

of Oklahoma has not exactly been a fertile garden for basketball players—Clifford Ray of Golden State, Heard and Adams are the only Sooners in pro ball today. Adams is without doubt the finest player in Oklahoma's history, having been named Big Eight Player of the Year as a freshman, sophomore and junior and MVP of the Big Eight Tournament the same three years. And he has been just as successful off the court. He made Eagle Scout in the eighth grade, was an honor student in high school and had a 3.8 grade average out of a possible 4.0 in pre-med at Oklahoma. He was a three-year starter on the Putnam City basketball team—leading it to a 67-1 record and the Class 4A state championship his senior year.

UCLA, Maryland, Vanderbilt and Kansas were among the colleges lined up at his door, but he stayed close to home, mainly because of his fondness for McLeod, who moved on to coach Phoenix after Adams' freshman year.

Following his sophomore year Adams applied for NBA "hardship" status (which merely means that he signed a statement that he had no job; his father Paul is a fairly prosperous petroleum geologist) but later withdrew his name. After his junior year he applied again and let it stick, it being all but a certainty that he would go to Phoenix and to his old coach, McLeod, as the No. 4 pick in the league after David Thompson, David Meyers and Marvin Webster. Which is what happened.

"Governor David Hall and the president of OU tried to talk me into staying," Adams says. "Hall was a Rhodes scholar and played up that angle, but I didn't want that and I didn't plan to be single, which you have to be to get a Rhodes. There was no hate mail and at the end the coach said, 'O.K., we wish you the best.'"

Adams settled into an east Phoenix apartment with his bride Sara, who is continuing her interior-design studies at nearby Arizona State. He originally planned to play in the NBA for five years and then go to medical school. Now he is not so sure. The Suns have an outside shot at making the playoffs. He and Westphal are talking of joining forces in an Adams-Westphal basketball camp on the ASU campus. And, best of all, Adams has found a restaurant in town that serves just about the finest cornbread he's ever tasted.

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Agreeable Jimbo helped the U.S. become a beneficiary in Hartford

The old quip that "there's no one with endurance like the man who sells insurance" held true—and then some—at the Aetna World Cup last week in Hartford, Conn. In the insurance capital of the nation, Aetna officials had to endure an inhospitable display on the part of protesting Hartford police, firemen and teachers who brought their demands for a pay raise into the streets by stalling their cars and staging a monstrous traffic jam around the sold-out Civic Center Friday night, delaying the start of play half an hour. In one bit of flummery, half a dozen police in uniform jokingly tried to push away a car with the hand brake set.

The U.S., which had beaten Australia only once—in 1971—in six previous

World Cups, was favored to win by taking four of the seven matches, mainly because Arthur Ashe and Jimmy Connors, the world's No. 1 and 2 players, were slated to play four of the five singles. Australian Captain Fred Stolle, who said his main job was to keep the beer cold (Foster's Lager, 14 cases of the stuff), was banking on Australia taking the two doubles and a pair of singles. Dennis Ralston, the U.S. captain, disagreed. "The object is to win four matches—any four," he said. And the Americans did exactly that by Saturday afternoon, turning the Sunday matches into exhibitions, but good ones. Just for the record, the U.S. made it 6-1 on Sunday when Connors beat Tony Roche 6-3, 7-5 and the doubles team of Ralston and Ashe beat Phil Dent and John Alexander 7-6, 6-3.

The U.S. got off to a 1-0 lead Thursday evening with Bob Lutz, anxious to shake off his reputation as Stan Smith's doubles partner, stopping Alexander 5-7, 6-3, 6-2. The victory was not exactly expected. Lutz had not won in five past World Cups, and last year Alexander beat him two of the three times they met. "My plan was to lob him and keep him back," said Lutz, who also sent some superb backhand winners straight down the lines. Alexander could not recall when his serve had been so well returned.

The Americans made it two-2 on Friday night when Ashe, winner of 21 of

his last 22 World Championship Tennis matches, did in John Newcombe 6-3, 6-4. "The big difference," Newcombe said later, "was that Ashe got 80% of his first serves in. I don't think Captain Stolle and I were overly impressed with my serve. The last game, I missed five out of five first serves."

Stolle, 25-ounce can of beer in hand: "What percentage is that?"

Newcombe: "Zero."

Ashe admitted he had been confident of beating Newcombe. "I'm not really surprised," he said. "He hasn't been playing tournaments day in and day out. And he didn't serve as well as he usually does." Compared to regular tournament stakes, the World Cup money does not add up to all that much—\$45,000 for the winning team to divvy up, \$25,000 for the losers—but Ashe was excited to be playing in Hartford. "I'm thrilled to see Jimmy on the team," he said of his former lawsuit antagonist. "It's a team effort, and we're probably more determined than ever. We really want to win this thing."

Standing amid the largesse of lager in the Aussie locker room, Roche exhorted his countrymen to get on the board. He was half talking to himself; he and Newcombe, the best double team in the world, were to face Smith and Lutz the next night. In Ashe's opinion, Lutz was on Cloud Nine after his singles defeat of Alexander. Smith, troubled by his chronic tennis elbow, was the question mark. The Australians won a thriller, 6-3, 3-6, 7-5, and Smith was the chief victim. Said Stolle, "When our guys were trying to get into a point, the barage was at Stan." But that was the high point for Australia.

On Saturday afternoon, before another sellout crowd, Ashe and Connors won their singles, giving the U.S. the cup. Ashe, who does not like to play left-handers, started off in ragged fashion against Roche, who had carried him to five sets in the semifinals at Wimbledon last year.

The Aussie took a 3-0 lead in the first set, two games by serving to Ashe's backhand and one by breaking his service. Roche won the set easily, 6-3, but Ashe still was confident because, as he said later, he thought Roche, like Newcombe, was not "match tough."

The turning point came in the second

continued



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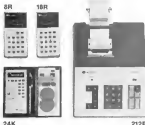
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TENNIS *continued*

set, the games at one-all and Ashe down 15-40. Ashe's first serve, which had been spotty, began to hit with consistency. With Ashe leading 4-2, Roche was upset by an ace call which he thought was wide. Ashe won the game and then took the set, 6-2, after Roche blew a 40-15 lead with the help of the two double faults, the last one on a call he disputed.

During the break for the third set, Ralston suggested to Ashe that he retreat an extra yard back from the base line so that Roche's twisting serve, which had been giving the U.S. players fits, would lose its spin. "I'll try anything," Ashe said. The change worked, and Ashe took the set, 6-3, and the match.

Then, to the delight of the crowd, Connors came on to face Newcombe, who was playing his third match in less than 24 hours. Connors started strong. He was all over the court as he jumped to a 3-0 lead. He and Newcombe slugged it out like two cruisers bombarding one another at point-blank range. Even when Connors lost a point, he looked magnificent, chasing balls down into corners and going for winners after seemingly impossible retrieves. For Connors, Newcombe's side of the net had no middle, just sidelines and base line, and he won the first set handily, 6-2.

In the second set Connors again jumped off to a 3-0 lead, but Newcombe rallied to make it three-all. But that was it for Newcombe. Connors ripped off four straight points, and then as he changed sides said to Ralston, "Just give me one break point." He got it and broke Newcombe's service to go ahead 5-3. With the score 30-all, a voice in the crowd screamed at the serving Connors, "Two more!" Connors obliged, putting the set, match and cup away with an overhead smash of a Newcombe lob.

"I just went out and played tennis today," said Connors, "I played one of my best tennis matches in a long time." He also exuded good feeling toward his teammates. At one point during the match he looked to the sidelines and felt cheered to see Ashe, Smith, Lutz and Stockton watching him. Earlier in the day, Connors had practiced against Ashe and cracked jokes in the locker room. "He even told the best joke of the day," Ashe said. What was it, he was asked. "It's a little too lewd," said Ashe, begging off. For his own part, Connors said, "I hope everything that's happened in the past is beyond and forgotten." **END**

A man and a woman are laughing heartily and embracing each other. The woman is on the left, wearing a grey sweater, and the man is on the right, wearing a light-colored jacket. In the foreground, there is a bottle of Löwenbräu Munich beer and a glass filled with beer and a thick head of foam. The background is slightly out of focus, showing what appears to be a social gathering with other people.

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Two flats that led to a flat-out finish

As tires kept going bad, Yamaha's hope of realizing its "sure win" in the Daytona 200 rested on the cool nerve of a youthful Venezuelan rider

Last Tuesday the Associated Press moved an item about four scientific researchers who believe that the secret to safer crash helmets can be found by studying woodpeckers. The scientists said that woodpeckers pound their beaks against trees whenever they're hungry or nervous—which covers most of the time they aren't sleeping—and seem none the sillier for the bashing. That story was given prominent display on page one of the *Daytona Beach Journal* sports section, since all week long dozens of motorcycle riders had been bouncing their heads off the pavement of the Daytona International Speedway and had survived, seemingly no more dingy than before. The implication was that maybe the scientists should come to motorcycle speedweek next year and take a look at the bike riders instead of chasing through the woods observing woodpeckers.

There certainly would be ample opportunity to study the species. This year the speedweek's top event, the 200-mile expert road race, drew 138 entries—57 of them from 18 foreign countries—attempting to qualify for the 80 starting positions. Motorcycles have been racing at Daytona for 35 years—until 1959 on the beach—but the 200 has only earned its reputation as the world's most prestigious motorcycle race in the last few years. Today it is motorcycling's Indy. It pays more than any other American Motorcycle Association championship race (\$65,000), attracts the largest crowd in the U.S. (an estimated 60,000 although, like Indy, attendance figures are never released) and is the first round in the International Formula 750 Championship season.

All through the week a fleet of charter planes had been landing right next to the Speedway at Daytona Beach Regional Airport bringing in European and Japanese fans. One plane, a Boeing 747 from Amsterdam, was the first jumbo

jet ever to touch down on the relatively short 7,500-foot runway. It was so inspiring an occasion that 5,000 natives turned out, picnic lunches in hand, to watch the big plane arrive. "When we get off the plane we see all the people cheering and we are astounded," said one Dutch passenger. "We think how nice Americans are to greet us."

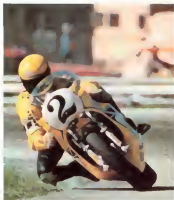
Throughout motorcycle speedweek Daytona's fast-food joints were filled with ubiquitous Frenchmen trying to convey the even more ubiquitous grits into their mouths with forks held upside down in their left hands. The Continentals were easy to spot even when they weren't eating, at least after their first sightseeing excursion to Disney World in nearby Orlando. They were the ones wearing the Mickey Mouse ears.

The Americans were the ones wearing sleeveless denim jackets with patches sewn on the back that proclaimed things like *DEVILS IN DENIM (sic)*. Or the Pepsi Generation family of six riding Hondas on the beach single file according to size, like baby ducks.

To be sure, many of the spectators seemed something less than confirmed believers in motherhood and apple pie, but for the most part the rowdy gangs that once scarred motorcycling's image have become civilized, if not perfectly mannered. Some motels actually open their doors to the "clubs," one Daytona resident pointed out, indicating a sign at the Royal Beach Hotel that said *WELCOME LOW RATES*.

Main Street, in particular the corner by the Pink Pussycat Topless Bar, fairly glittered with motorcycle mania, the principal organized social event being a chopper show on Saturday sponsored by the Rathole Head Shop.

But choppers have little in common with road-race machines, and their recumbent riders have even less in common with road racers. To illustrate the



Kenny Roberts (above) leaned and led, but in the end young Johnny Cecotto stood in victory lane.



continued

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MOTOR SPORTS *redhead*

difference, sit down and put your elbows on your knees and your chin on a line with your elbows—that's a road-racer's crouch. In just such a fetal embrace of his machinery a rider screams around Daytona's banking at 180 mph, tucked below a fiber-glass fairing that reduces air drag. If he could hear anything over the 11,000-rpm wail filling his helmet, it would be the *whoof-whoof* exploding from his own body, the sound of his breath being squished out as his chest smacks against the gas tank with every ripple on the track.

Wind whips into his helmet and blows his eyeballs to the back of their sockets. When he accelerates on the twisting in-field portion of the 3.87-mile circuit, his body is snapped back so suddenly it feels as if an offensive guard is using him for a blocking dummy. When he decelerates he must use both hands and both feet to control the clutch and gear-shift and throttle and brakes, an elaborately coordinated effort that would make a rock drummer envious. When he corners, he moves his knees and elbows and shoulders and hips into a precise position, like a ballet dancer.

Kenny Roberts, the fast qualifier at 111.456 mph, has the most spectacular style; he literally feels his way through corners with his inside knee. When the knee drags on the ground he knows he's leaned his bike over far enough. Before each race he wraps tape across the padded knee patches on his leathers; by the end of the race the tape is often shaved away.

Motorcycle racers have nightmares over something they call "tank slappers," which occur when the severe cornering forces on the suspension trigger a reaction that causes the bike to begin flexing and whipping and wobbling as it tries to shake its rider off. Every rider has a favorite tank-slapper tale. Sometimes they tell them from the hospital.

Take Gary Nixon or Barry Sheene. Nixon, a 5' 7", 140-pound, square-jawed redhead from Cockeysville, Md. and a two-time national champion, represents what the American motorcycle racer is all about: guts and gristle. In 1967 he won his first national championship, but only after riding the season's final race with a broken thumb that was swollen so badly he could not twist the throttle. He simply rigged the throttle so it stayed open by itself and finished second.

The next-to-last time Nixon raced a

motorcycle before the 200, the engine seized, and he crashed, shattering both arms and an ankle. He had been racing in Japan and they shipped him home in a wheelchair. That was three operations and nearly two years ago. The muscles in his left arm are still weak.

Sheene is from Wisbech, England and is European racing's glamour boy, a role he revels in—he borrowed a Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow from the Florida distributor for speedweek and drove it walking distances simply to be seen. High-roller image aside, two days before the race Sheene flew to Miami to see if a specialist could loosen up his shattered knee. For the race, Sheene attached an elastic cord from his hip to his heel to force his leg to stay nestled against his bike.

Sheene's knee injury had nothing to do with the crash by which most Daytona fans remember him, a horrendous 165-mph tumble caused by a blown tire in practice last year. He bounced and flopped and scraped and crunched for 300 yards down the front straight, finally rolling to a stop in Turn One with a broken femur (which now contains a steel pin inserted through his buttock), among other broken bones, and considerably less skin.

In last week's 200, Nixon rode a Kawasaki and Sheene a Suzuki, underdogs against the four-cylinder, water-cooled, 750-cc Yamahas. Yamahas filled the five-man front row; after Roberts came Steve Baker of Bellingham, Wash., who finished second a year ago; Japan's Hideo (Kamikaze) Kanaya, Venezuela's 20-year-old darling and 350-cc world champion, Johnny Cecotto; and Skip Aksland, a 20-year-old who is Roberts' protégé—and proud of it, he will add.

Missing from the top qualifiers was the current national champion, Gary Scott. Last year he rode for the Harley-Davidson factory and his championship came on the strength of his dirt-track performances, but H-D doesn't make a competitive road racer. That and other frustrations caused Scott to leave Harley-Davidson, and at Daytona he, too, was on a Yamaha. Which didn't end his frustrations. After a practice crash Saturday in the chicane—a quick left-right-left turn sandwiched on the backstraight to reduce the motorcycles' top speeds on the banking—Scott sat out the 200 with his broken left hand in a cast.

Scott's Yamaha was a private entry, continued

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MOTOR SPORTS continued

which made him no different from the rest of the field save three of the top five qualifiers. Those three—Roberts, Kanaya and Baker—were the only riders in the race supplied by the Yamaha factory with bikes having special lightweight frames.

Not even defending champion Gene Romero, a "privateer," had received such largesse. However, Romero's sponsor was the best: Don Vesco, who holds the land-speed record for motorcycles at 281.702 mph. Vesco prepared two other machines, for Pat Evans, a 20-year-old veteran of seven years of road racing, and Phil Read, an Englishman who has won seven world championships.

Romero is fondly remembered for his infamous performance in the 1974 Supersstars. The chubby, chain-smoking Chicano nicknamed Barrio didn't score a single point. "My body is junk," he said. "Me against those athletes was like racing a Volkswagen against a Corvette. If I had scored a point it would have been an upset."

The race itself was almost an upset; overdog Yamaha won but it was a close call. In the early going everything went according to form with Roberts and Cecotto appearing to have their own race for first place and Kanaya guarding the back door in third. But on the 33rd of the 52 laps Roberts slowed with a worn rear tire. Nine laps from the end, the tire blew apart in the backstraight chicane, throwing Roberts' bike into a horrifying slide. Somehow he managed to wobble back into the pits. Kanaya's rear tire had gone flat four laps earlier, which raised the question: Would the young Venezuelan's tire survive? Trailing Cecotto, but by more than a full lap, was the 35-year-old Nixon, powering his slower Kawasaki with little more than courage, himself being chased by sixth-fastest-qualifier Pat Hennen of San Mateo, Calif., on a Suzuki.

Cecotto's tire did hold together—by a shred. His crew waved him in with three laps remaining to check it, but Cecotto ignored their signal and arrived at victory lane with the win for Yamaha and a tire showing almost as much fabric as rubber.

Last year Cecotto had been a sensation at Daytona when he finished third after starting dead last on the grid. Everyone said he would have won if he had gotten a decent start. It seems they may have been right.

END

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BACK WHERE I BELONG

In which a one-legged showman, abetted by a cast of thousands, slays a dragon, returns to baseball—and orders up some clamdigger threads

BY BILL VEECK WITH ED LINN



The lights went on again at 7:40 p.m., on Dec. 10, 1975, when I stepped out of the elevator at the Diplomat Hotel in Hollywood, Fla., surrounded by Lee MacPail, the president of the American League; James Garner, the league attorney; and a group of my own lawyers and associates. At the end of the long corridor the photographers were waiting, and, as we proceeded down the even longer corridor that led to the conference room where the flower of the American League had gathered to welcome me, half-heartedly, back into the most exclusive men's club in America, we were suddenly moving in a pool of light. Which only proves once again, kids, that if you set your eyes upon a distant star and keep plugging away, every once in a while you can buy the Chicago White Sox. For those who may not be fully acquainted with my career in baseball, I had the Sox from 1959 to 1961. At one time or another I also owned the St. Louis Browns and Cleveland Indians.

I had known for some time that the White Sox were avail-

continued

Veck's associate crusaders include (clockwise from upper right) Sox super fan Cindy Pritzker, hitzoner Richard Daley; TV producer Tom Weinberg; Lee Stern, hinge of the Polish Connection; polkaw-seeker Andy McKenna; old buddy Aaron Cashman; investor Fred Friedlob and his actress wife June Travis; lawyer Phil Frye.

able again, because a couple of the people who had talked to Owner John Allyn about buying the Sox had contacted me about operating the team for them. But even if I had been interested in operating for somebody else, I wouldn't have been interested, because I was already committed to buying the Baltimore Orioles from Jerry Hoffberger. By November 1974 the deal was set, and we thought it was only a matter of drawing up the papers. We thought wrong. After seven maddening months of drawing and redrawing the papers to meet a succession of new conditions, Hoffberger announced that the negotiations were off.

During the time that the Baltimore deal was on I had been hearing indirectly from Leo Breen, the vice-president and treasurer of the White Sox. Breen's message was that Allyn not only wanted to sell, but that he was going to have to sell. I say indirectly because Leo felt that even though a sale was clearly in Allyn's best interests it would be wrong to call me directly. The conduit he used was a close friend of mine from the old days, Andy McKenna. McKenna, who runs a paper and printing business in Chicago, is the kind of dyed-in-the-wool fan who counts the day lost when he is unable to watch a ball game.

Early in July last year, shortly after Hoffberger had pulled the plug on me, I received word through McKenna that the situation had deteriorated to the point where Allyn was convinced that the quicker he got out the better.

I went to Chicago. John picked me up at the airport and we drove to a borrowed apartment on Lake Shore Drive. His proposition was that he would sell the club for \$10 million, without the ball park and other real estate, or for \$13.5 million with the park and the additional property.

"John," I said, "I have no interest at those prices." The syndicate I had put together for Baltimore was \$10 million, and that was all I had. "It's not a bargaining price," I told him. "It's the maximum I can offer."

That's the way we left it. I suggested that he get in touch with me if he ever became interested at that figure. John didn't feel that time was ever going to come.

Just then the White Sox had gone on a little winning streak, the crowds had begun to improve and everybody was looking forward to a big August and September. But the team reverted back to form, and once again the games were being played in virtual secrecy.

Late in September, when we were having almost daily conversations, Leo sent word through Andy that things had got so bad that they weren't going to be able to make the final payroll. A very dangerous situation. If the payroll was missed, every player on the roster could become a free agent.

I had been planning to fly into Chicago anyway, to see my sister Peg, who was in the hospital. And so I called John and told him that if he was available I would stop in. "I wish you would," he said. "Things are moving faster than I had anticipated."

Monday morning I arrived at the ball park and found him sitting behind his desk writing something on a piece of paper. "It's a contract," he told me.

"You understand that my price is \$10 million for everything," I said.

He not only understood it, he wanted to know how quickly I could close the deal at that figure. Well, how quickly did he want to close it? "I need the money tomorrow," he said.

Now that was a little too quick. That kind of speed had never occurred to me.

"I have a payroll to meet on Thursday," John told me. "And I can't come up with the scratch."

The American League had just held an emergency meeting in Kansas City and proposed to give him a substantial loan in return for a 90-day option, during which time they would attempt to make a deal with Seattle interests to buy the club for \$10 million. If they succeeded, Allyn would be allowed to keep the ball park. If they didn't, the club would be given back to him to operate without any money in a city that knew he had agreed to have the club moved away.

I want to say this for John Allyn. He could have turned the club over to the league and waited for his check, because there was not the slightest doubt that the deal would have been made. For baseball, it was a move that would have solved a multitude of problems. Like, for instance, the \$32.5 million suit the city of Seattle had filed against baseball for giving it an expansion team in 1969 and moving it out the following year, leaving the city with one refurbished minor league park, one brand-new domed stadium and zero glowing memories.

And then there was the Oakland-San Francisco factor, otherwise known as the inability of the Bay Area to support two teams. Once the White Sox had been shipped to Seattle, Charles O. Finley could begin to maneuver to break his long-term lease at Oakland and move his club to Chicago, which is the base of operations for his insurance business. Or did I neglect to mention that in addition to allowing Allyn to keep the park, the league had offered to pay for its upkeep for three years? Otherwise known as keeping the chair warm for Finley.

"How much money do you need by Thursday?" I asked John Allyn.

Five hundred thousand dollars was what he needed.

On Thursday morning Leo Breen and I went down to the Drovers, the White Sox' bank, explained the situation and got them to agree to find enough money to cover some outstanding payroll checks.

I then went to the Continental Bank, which had already agreed to loan our syndicate \$3,750,000 toward the purchase of the White Sox as soon as I had put together a syndicate to loan it to. All I had at the moment was the assurance from Ruben Rosen, a Philadelphia lighting mogul who had been my major backer in the Baltimore syndicate, that he was willing to put up enough money to make it a do-able deal. Almost on the spot, we formed a partnership with my nephew Fred Krehbiel, Rube and his Philadelphia attorney, David Cohen, as the financial backers. Continental loaned \$500,000 to the partnership on our signatures, and the partnership promptly loaned it to the club.

On Friday John Allyn entered into an agreement to sell the ball club, and I returned to the bank to complete the deal. There is always something to bring you back to earth, though. Right in the middle of that high finance I got up to walk around and all of a sudden I found myself sitting on the floor, a ridiculous position under any circumstances if you don't happen to have a wholesome view of the essential absurdity of man and man's affairs.

The pinion that locks the knee of my prosthetic leg had fallen out, causing the leg itself to fall off and sending springs

and wing nuts flying all over the place. One minute I'm talking about millions of dollars and the next minute I'm on the floor with bits and pieces of my leg scattered all around me. I fumbled the thing together just enough so that I was able to get to the home of Patricia and Dick Baldwin, who used to produce a radio show for me, and appropriate a pair of pliers with which to complete the job. And then I went to the Chicago Athletic Club to meet the press. Brionic man I'm not. For the next four months I carried the pliers with me, tightening and adjusting the leg every morning before I set out to face the world.

When the announcement of my deal with Allyn was made, Chicago exploded. The pennant-winning year of 1959 was all they had to warm their memories on the South Side and, if I say so myself, there has always been a certain amount of good feeling toward Ol' Will in the old hometown.

To put together a syndicate, I went out to the street and started to peddle, beginning with old friends and associates who had been in every venture with me. Phil Frye of Schiff Hardin & Waite was my attorney. Phil's father had been one of my original investors in Cleveland, and the Schiff firm has represented me in every purchase I have ever made. Historically, my partners have tended to be predominantly Jewish, and because I wanted a cross section of the city I asked Andy McKenna, who was in for \$100,000, to go out into the wilderness and bring me back a few good Irish Catholics and peasants.

Aaron Cushman, with whom I had once run a PR agency, helped me out further in that regard by introducing me to a friend named Lee Stern, who owns a soccer team, the

Sting, and, more important, is also a member of the Chicago Board of Trade, the market where they deal in commodity futures. Stern immediately told me about another member of the Board of Trade, a red-hot fan named Fred Brzozowski. "This is my guy," I said. "Get him. A Polish prince is what I need."

The Polish prince he became evermore. Because a Polish prince is what he is. Since one good Pole deserves another, Fred got me Harvey Jaunich. Between the three of them—Stern, Brzozowski and Jaunich—I had dug up \$500,000.

Johnny Johnson, the publisher of *Ebony*, had been in for half a unit at Baltimore, and I had penciled him in for the same amount in Chicago. When I finally got around to contacting him, he said, "I thought you weren't going to call me. And in my hometown, too."

Because I wanted as broadly based a syndicate as possible, my basic unit was \$100,000. I'd have had it even smaller except for a combination of Securities and Exchange Commission rules and state laws that not only limit the number of stockholders you can have but lay down stringent rules on the number of people you are allowed to hustle. Like: who, when, where, why and how.

But calls began to come from out of the blue. Lester Cohen, the 75-year-old brother of Milton Cohen, my lawyer in the last Chicago go-around, called and said he wanted to invest \$100,000. "I'm a White Sox fan all my life," he said, "and they're not going to move the club out of Chicago if I can help it."

I got a call from a young television producer named Tom Weinberg, who said he could raise \$50,000 and want-

continued

IF YOU WANT TO SEE ME, WALK ON IN

Now that I've got the White Sox, I have an idea or two kicking around in my head for making a visit to the ball park as memorable as possible. I'm not going to tell you whether I have another midget hanging from my watch fob—I'm too old a hand at the pickman's game to give a promotion away even 24 hours in advance. Our new uniforms, with the old White Sox colors, the old-fashioned lettering and the turn-of-the-century collars, are perhaps my little way of hinting that strange and wondrous things are going to be happening at old Comiskey Park. Just as the three styles of pants—shorts, clam-diggers and knickers—are a way of informing our fans that we are not necessarily going to be bound by tradition. How are they reacting? Well, ticket sales are up 40% over last year at this time. That's my kind of fan.

The first thing I did at the park was take off the door to my office and order that the opening be made about three times as large. If anybody wants to come to the park to see me, all he has to do is walk on in. The same thing with the telephone. You call Comiskey Park (WA 4-1000) and ask for Bill Veeck, and the switchboard operator isn't going to ask who you are or what you want;

the next voice you hear is going to be mine.

The fans don't owe me a thing, of course, I owe them. They have given a 62-year-old, one-legged, can't-see, can't-hear guy a chance for a last hurrah. That's one of the reasons I wanted so desperately to get to spring training and get something started. Spring training, that wonderful time of dreams, is really for the fans. Especially the first two weeks. You haven't lost any games yet, all the kids look bigger and faster and stronger—because they are—and who can doubt that this year's phenoms are going to be the new Lynn and Rice.

That's what baseball is really offering, an escape from the problems of daily life. We're selling an illusion, that's all. The illusion that if the people come to the park and plunk their money down, they'll enjoy themselves for a few hours and, we hope, carry a happy memory away with them.

But instead of providing an escape from the hassling and the clawing of our troubled times, baseball seems determined to be identified with the troubles. Great! The fans aren't simply bored with us, they are annoyed with us. My nightmare is that if we keep it up, a certain number of them are going to look

the other way and never bother to look back.

Right now the White Sox fans are looking just one way—and that's up. We've received more than 2,000 letters. A doctor who identified himself as a "serious Sox fan," wrote: "Overjoyed is too mild a word for my happiness in your acquiring the Sox. I never thought this day would come true, but sometimes daydreams do . . . I can't wait for opening day."

A circuit court judge who had suffered a stroke but still mounts the bench "on a brace" every day: "I saw my first baseball game in 1917 when my father took me to the present Sox park to see them play the Washington Senators. I've been a White Sox fan ever since, unreconstructed and undimmed. Bully for you on all points and be assured that a host of us are with you."

You think I want those dreams to be frustrated? That's what keeps us going. My own secret dream—and please don't tell anybody—is that as the season is coming to an end I will be able to mount the podium and say to the people of Chicago and its environs, "I want to thank you for allowing me to smell the roses. I want you to come now and help us drink the champagne."

You don't think so, huh? Listen, we have these two phenoms. . . .

ed to know if I had any room. "Send it in," I told him.

Another call came from Fred Friedlob, the husband of Harry Grabiner's daughter, June Travis. In addition to being my partner at Cleveland, Harry had run the White Sox for the Comiskeyes for years. "You're not thinking of putting this club together again without June and me, are you?" Friedlob asked.

As soon as I began to see things coming together, I had Allyn ask for a league meeting to approve the sale. Two reasons. One, you can't sell tickets unless you know the club is going to be there, so we had an advance sale of zero. Two, the winter meetings were coming up and I wanted to be able to go down there prepared to wheel and deal.

Instead, the league assigned its advisory committee on expansion and realignment to the task of investigating my finances and uncertain qualifications. A committee consisting of Bud Selig of Milwaukee and Ted Bonda of Cleveland. On the day before Thanksgiving I flew into Cleveland and met with Selig, Bonda and the league's attorney, Jim Garner, in the airport motel. I had been hearing rumbles all along to the effect that the Sox had to go to Seattle, but what happened in that motel room was unbelievable.

In addition to the complete breakdown of my financing, I had come equipped with a balance sheet to show that I would be able to make money on a projected attendance of one million people. Selig and Bonda objected that my per

capita (the amount of money I expected to net per customer from ticket sales, parking and the concessions) was too high. I kept trying to explain that my per capita was higher than theirs because they had computed theirs on tickets sold while I had computed mine on the turnstile count, on the rather simple premise that people who don't come to the ball yard can't park their cars or buy a red-hot. But that was apparently too rarefied a financial concept for them.

Then Bud Selig was telling me that I was badly undercapitalized. I was using the same debenture-common stock grouping I had used in every club I have ever bought, but because it became so important here, I think I had better break our financing down and explain it again:

1) Because the lawyers had informed us that we could not take advantage of a \$5 million loss carry-forward from the old operation unless we could show a reasonable continuity of ownership, John Allyn had agreed to retain 20% of the club. Which meant that we were now buying 80% of the club for \$8 million.

2) We were raising \$4,800,000 from the investors and borrowing \$3,750,000 from the bank. The amount over \$8 million was to be applied toward operating expenses.

3) Each \$100,000 unit consisted of \$85,000 worth of debentures and \$15,000 worth of common stock.

Selig insisted that the debentures were a debt and not a capital investment and he had a dictionary definition to

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prove it. Technically, he was right. But only if you want to believe Mr. Webster.

Look. If I invest \$1,000 with you so that you can start a new enterprise, I have handed you the \$1,000 to work with. If we call it stock, you pay me dividends out of the profits. If we call it a debenture, you pay me interest on a loan. But it's still the same money. You can call it stock, you can call it a debenture or you can call it a bag of beans, it's the same money being used for the same purpose.

I had devised the stock-debenture grouping with the heavy tilt toward the debentures as a way of getting the greater part of the investment back to the original stockholders on a tax-free basis. If we ran a successful enough operation so that we were able to buy up all the debentures out of profits, they would still own the same share of the club on a total investment of \$15,000. It's as simple as that.

Selig persisted in telling me I was underfinanced.

"Who isn't?" I said. "Compared to what? We're certainly in better shape than anybody else in this room."

"Look," they said finally, "there's no sense having a meeting because you'll only be turned down."

I said, "That remains to be seen. How can you know, since the first thing you said was that you're just a committee and have no official standing. Nothing you're talking about has ever been enacted in the rules. So you're just stating an opinion as an advisory committee."

"Well, we're speaking for a lot of them."

"How could you speak for a lot of them?"

"We talked to them and we think we speak for a lot of them."

I said, "Something is very strange here. This is better financed than any of our ventures have been before. We always had winning years. So how come your figures are better than ours?"

Because times had changed, see? The gimmicks that had drawn people into the park in the prehistoric days when I had operated weren't going to work anymore.

That seemed odd. By sheer coincidence, it had been 15 years between the time I started operating in Cleveland in 1946 and the time I left Chicago in 1961. "Times hadn't changed so much in those 15 years. Why suddenly have there been all these changes in the next 15 years, and I'm not bright enough to go along with them?"

"Well," Bonda said, smiling to allow me to think he was kidding if I wanted to, "you're old and beat up now."

Old and beat up as I was, I managed to show up in Cleveland the following Wednesday for the league meeting Allyn had pressed for, exuding a confidence that I didn't feel.

Bud Selig and one of his partners at Milwaukee, Ed Fitzgerald, presented the committee's position to the assembled owners, along with John Harrington, auditor of the Red Sox. They were finally willing to concede that my per cap-

continued



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itas were right. They would concede absolutely nothing else. Now that the times had changed so drastically, I was asked, how did I know I was going to be able to draw a million people into the park?

Well, no one knew. "All I can tell you is that I'm going to have to stand on my past record," I said.

And then they were back to my presumably shaky financing. "I can only tell you that this is the way we've always financed it before. We had more than adequate money then."

It was all kept on a very pleasant, businesslike basis. My lawyers took the floor to explain the debentures. The owners did not seem particularly moved.

So, finally, they asked us to retire. Pretty soon a committee comes to our rooms to tell us that we are going to be turned down. The vote had gone 8-3-1 against us. As I get the picture, it was New York, Baltimore and, of course, Chicago for us, and Kansas City abstaining.

If you turn us down, I said, you turn us down. "Of course, we are going to do what we can to keep from being turned down. We can prove that we are better off than most of the clubs, certainly as well off as when you approved us three times before, and I think you may have some trouble defending your position."

As soon as the threat of a lawsuit was implied, they retreated to what seemed to be a previously prepared position. If I would change the debentures to preferred stock and raise another \$1.2 million in capital, they were sure the vote would be reversed in Florida the following week.

Given the choice between staying alive and being dead, I agreed to stay alive. The owners thereupon held another meeting and voted that if we complied with those two requirements they would approve us. Just to make it a sporting proposition, they tacked on the stipulation that we would not be permitted to raise any of the money by selling the ball park or any of the other assets of the club.

The vote was 10-0 (Charley Finley and Calvin Griffith having left to catch their planes), and the hand of the lawyer setting up the defense to our lawsuit could be seen, it seemed to me, all over it. They were getting it on the record—unanimously—that they had given us every chance to put our house in order and become responsible members of the baseball community. If, after that heroic show of tolerance, we failed . . . well, it wasn't their fault, was it?

This was Wednesday night. There were no more planes to Chicago. We were going to have seven days, which was really six because I would have to be in Florida for the meeting the following Wednesday, which was really four because there was a Saturday and Sunday in between.

I want to tell you what they were doing to us. The conversion of the debentures meant nothing. A lot of extra paperwork for the law firm, that's all. We had been saying that debentures were exactly like preferred stock, except for the break on the income tax, and none of our investors balked at all. All that talk about the debentures being debt was no more than a smoke screen to justify the demand that I raise that extra investment capital.

What they were really doing was forcing us to change everybody's equity in the club. If you and I invest \$100 apiece in a car, we each own half of it. But if we have to find another guy to put in another hundred to keep it go-

ing, our ownership goes down from a half to one third.

The unit for which the original investors had paid \$100,000 was no longer going to give them 1.77% ownership in the club. Once we had raised the additional capital, their equity was going to be cut proportionately.

Needless to say, there are strict SEC regulations for raising risk capital. Before you are allowed to take an investor's money, he has to fill out a paper in which he specifically agrees that, yes, he is a sophisticated investor and, yes, he is able to afford a risk in which he might lose all his money. After that, you have to give him a prospectus which tells him, in effect, that nobody in his right mind would possibly buy this stock because there is absolutely no way the thing can possibly work and he is undoubtedly consigning himself and his heirs to lives of grinding poverty unto the fifth generation.

In addition to presenting all the new information to the new investors, we were going to have to give each of our original investors an addendum to the prospectus informing him that his equity in this foolhardy venture had been cut down—you're not even going to get what we said you were going to get, dum-dum!—and if you are stupid enough to throw your money down this rat-hole you are going to deserve everything you get.

Given the narrow amount of time we had to work with, I was going to have to explain all of this to all the investors—old and new—ahead of time, and then the law firm was going to have to hand-deliver everything to all of them, give them time to read it, and if the signed documents didn't come back on time, go pick them up.

David Cohen, who by then had become as much my lawyer as Rosen's, didn't think there was a ghost of a chance. Gary Mowder, the young Chicago lawyer who had been doing the heavy lifting for us, was very discouraged. For my part, I felt that as impossible as it might seem, there was always that bare chance that you could bring off anything if you worked very hard and the wind blew exactly right.

When I got to the lawyers' office on Thursday morning I found a very dispirited crew. Even under the best of circumstances, the day-by-day, hour-by-hour task of keeping up with this kind of paper work against a tight deadline would have been difficult. Given a situation where we stood to be losing investors on the one hand while going after new ones on the other, it was simply out of the question.

So now I had a terribly difficult decision to make. I had taken a 15% override, amounting to \$847,000 of the stock-debenture offering, for putting the thing together and operating the club. Ten percent I was keeping for myself, and the other 5% was being distributed among Rude Schaffer, Paul Richards and Hank Greenberg, who were helping to put the deal together.

Beyond that, I was investing \$450,000 that I had borrowed from the bank on my net worth, which included my house, my car, my dogs, my wife, my children and any passing friend or stranger who fell under my lean and hungry eye. Overall, I was the largest stockholder, with holdings amounting to slightly over a million dollars. In actual cash, I was second only to Rube Rosen, who was going to be investing \$600,000.

I lay in bed, and I could see only one possible solution. I called my wife Mary Frances in Maryland, waking her up

continued

in the early morning hours, and said, "You know, there is only one thing to do and that's to sell the 15% override." In other words, throw it back into the pot. Give it up. That would leave only \$564,700 that would have to be applied against the total equity, and with the leverage that came from the elimination of the override each unit would now be purchasing 1.85% of the club instead of 1.77%. They weren't going to be coming out worse than before, we could tell them; they were going to be coming out better.

What it also meant, I had to tell Mary Frances, was that all the things we had going for us were going by the board. I could make it up to Radie and Paul somehow, sometime. Hank didn't really care. There was no way I could make it up to myself, because my salary and expense money were already listed in the prospectus.

"What you're telling me," she said, "is that it isn't an investment anymore, it's a vendetta. So what else is new?"

It wasn't for another day or two that I found out I was giving up even more than I had bargained for. The bank loan had been based upon my total worth, and the override had figured very prominently in their calculations. With my net worth down, the bank loan was reduced by \$120,000, and so I lost out on that amount of stock, too.

It was a vendetta, all right, and by Friday night I was calling Mary Frances to tell her I had the feeling that we were going to pull it off. The excuse the owners had given to turn me down was so transparent that for the first time the people of Chicago really understood that the league was trying to take their club away from them. "Go get 'em, Bill," I'd hear wherever I went. "Don't let them get away."

Mayor Daley went on television and assured the citizenry that it was never going to happen. "There are ways and means for doing everything," he said, and when it comes to heading up the ways and means committee I wouldn't want a better chairman. This was a personal thing with him. It wasn't just that they were going to steal part of his town, although that would have been affront enough. Mayor Daley comes from the South Side and has been a legitimate—as opposed to election-year—fan of the White Sox all his life.

The league never thought it could be done. It wasn't supposed to be done.

We lost only two guys, and that was because we couldn't contact them. I had hoped my original investors would take another 10% in preferred stock on a voluntary basis, and most of them came through. Many of them did considerably better. Out of the Board of Trade came another \$600,000. Brzozowski, Jauch and Stern's sons put in another \$300,000 and, undoubtedly through their influence, a newly minted \$300,000 came in from another board member.

One guy called to ask whether I'd be interested in uncut diamonds. I said, "I'd be interested in anything."

Saturday and Sunday are not good days for hustling money (if you're listening over there at the SEC, I'm only using a figure of speech, fellows). Nevertheless, I stayed on the phone doing the best I could. When I wasn't on the phone I was drawing up my lists of names and figures, adding and totaling, always seeming to come up just a little short.

And all the time I kept hearing about Seattle. Danny Kaye and Lester Smith were at the winter meetings in Florida with a \$10 million check, which they were prepared to plunk down on the table the moment we were turned down.

Friends of mine who had radio stations around the country let me know that a salesman from a Seattle station was already making inquiries to potential advertisers about reserving time. And the Seattle sportswriters were calling me constantly to find out why I was bothering to go through the motions when they had been led to understand that Seattle had the club.

By Monday afternoon I was getting pretty close to what I had to have. But since it was always possible that one of the stockholders would be disapproved, I wanted to come in at least \$100,000 over.

I have never been able to buy a club without some 11th-hour dramas, starting from the time when Bob Goldstein got grounded and had to come dashing in at the last minute, like the U.S. Cavalry, to save the Cleveland deal.

This time it was my majority stockholder, Ruben Rosen. I called Rosen in Florida at 9:30 in the morning to ask him to send the money in, because though you normally don't call for the money until you've got the deal set, we felt it would be a good idea to get as much of it as possible in the bank for this one. Rosen had been cut from \$2 million to \$600,000, partly because I had wanted to get as much money out of Chicago as possible, and partly because Rosen himself was hardly as enthusiastic about owning a ball club in Chicago as he had been about owning one in Baltimore, which was only a short run from his home in West Philadelphia.

At 4:30 he called back to tell me he only wanted to be in for \$220,000.

So now it's Monday evening, I'm short \$380,000 and I have about 24 hours left. David Cohen got me \$110,000 of it back by investing in the club himself. And Phil Frye, who is very close to me, authorized another \$100,000 if I should need it.

And then Gene Fanning, a Cadillac dealer who was already in, sent me a blank check and told me to fill it out for up to \$50,000. No nicer gesture was ever made. Next Fred Krehbiel called to tell me his family was ready, willing and able to more than double their original contribution. It would be backed by Fred, his father and his brother John. Fred was already in for \$100,000 and he had also signed his name for \$800,000 to keep the White Sox going. The difference between his signature and mine was that with him it was collectible.

It was Jack Brickhouse, rather surprisingly, who lent the final helping hand. Brickhouse is an old friend but he is also a former director of the Chicago Cubs and an unrepentant Cub fan.

Somewhere around midnight, Brickhouse called to tell me to phone Pat O'Malley and Howard Miller, the chairman and president of the Canteen Corporation, in New York. Canteen is the mammoth Chicago-based company that has the concessions at several sports centers. Now, I had talked to Pat O'Malley myself very early in the game, and he had indicated an interest in investing in the club. Here at the end, with the situation becoming desperate, Brickhouse, who is a close friend of both O'Malley and Miller, ran them down over the phone and got them to agree to come up with \$250,000 for us.

My plane was leaving Chicago around nine at night, which got me to Florida around one o'clock on Wednesday morning. When I walked into the hotel, a New York reporter

was waiting. He came up to me and said, "I understand you're dead."

"I came a long way to be buried," I said. "I don't think so, though."

The meeting was scheduled for three in the afternoon. I got to bed around 5 a.m., and at 7 a.m. I was awakened by the phone. A guy on the other end was saying, "I'll give you \$100 if you need it."

"I'll give you \$100," I groaned, "if you'll hang up."

A couple of hours later I had my usual morning chat with Mayor Daley. He told me he was sending a telegram to the league, and also pledged \$250,000 in backup money if it were needed.

No sooner had I hung up than a guy who ran an investment service called to see whether he could get in for \$50,000. If only I had a dollar for everybody who has said to me, "If only I'd known it was that tight a thing for you, Bill. I could kick myself for not getting into it with you."

From the forthcoming revised "VEECK—As It Was," to be published by Ballantine Books.

But that was always it, the time element. We had to raise the money and be ready to present the list with all the documentation to the league. We had the money. Here in the final hours we were still struggling to put the documents in order. The Schiff firm had done an enormous amount of work; they must have had a dozen young lawyers working full time on it. And all of it on spec. If we blew it, they were going to blow their whole fee. On top of everything else, they had spent the last two days perfecting the lawsuit. If baseball voted us down this time, after we had killed ourselves meeting the requirements, we were going to serve the papers on them before we walked out.

Gary Mowder, who had come to Miami a day earlier to get things ready, entered the suite at 10:30 a.m. with Harvey Silverstone from the accounting firm. They were carrying a phone-copier, a remarkable machine which can be connected to a sister machine by a simple phone call. Gary would call the office in Chicago, tell them which document he still needed, then clamp the receiver into a receptacle on the machine, and it would be transmitted in a matter of minutes. One of our investors walked into Phil Frye's office with his cheek while Gary was on the phone, and the cheek was promptly put on the machine.

By early afternoon all the documents had been transmitted. Plus a backup list of \$500,000 that Phil Frye had assembled. Inevitably, as we checked everything out for one last time, in alphabetical order, we found that one of the subscriptions (which was actually a multipage document) and one of the checks we had listed as being in our possession were missing.

A frantic call back to Chicago, and they were found.

At eight minutes to three, the last page of the missing subscription came through, and at exactly the same moment Harvey Silverstone came back from the lobby with a clean, neatly typed list from the public stenographer.

So then we waited for the call to come down to the conference room. And waited. Commissioner Kuhn had been entertaining the owners at a country club, and it was well

past 3:30 before they returned. At 10 minutes to four, we received a call from Lee MacPhail telling us that he was coming up to our room with a committee.

In addition to MacPhail, the committee consisted of the lawyer Garner, another league attorney, the accountant, Harrington, and two owners, Bud Selig of Milwaukee and John Fetzer of the Detroit Tigers.

Fetzer was a surprise. I hadn't known he was on the franchise committee. John Allyn, who represented the White Sox at the Cleveland meeting, had told me that Fetzer didn't open up his mouth from beginning to end. This rather surprised me because Fetzer, one of the few owners who pay attention, has always been a strong voice in those councils. I had brought that up again to Bill DeWitt, former owner of the Browns and the Reds, only a few hours earlier. Although DeWitt had become one of the larger investors, I had contacted him originally mostly to serve as a liaison with the other owners. At the age of 73 DeWitt has become an elder statesman.

So they came in and Gary took over and made the presentation. They studied the documents, and it was clear that they couldn't believe it. Here are the signed purchase agreements. Here is a bank report on the checks, complete with photostats of the checks. Here are the conversions of the debentures. Here is the kind of preferred stock we are issuing. Here is a copy of the stock agreement. Here is the bank agreement. Here is the balance sheet.

They compared the old list with the new list. Two of the old names off. Six new ones on. Then they started to study the signatures so carefully that I had to say, "I have never been called a liar so blatantly in my life."

And all the time they were saying, "You know, of course, there is nothing personal about this. This is just to make sure you are adequately financed." Never a word from anybody about Seattle.

The one thing they jumped on was the fact that all the money hadn't yet cleared the bank. DeWitt had predicted they were going to do that. And when David Cohen had protested that we had all the signed subscriptions and that our contract with Allyn didn't call for the money to be turned over until Dec. 15, DeWitt said, "You're not dealing with reasonable people."

The accountant, Harrington, went over the balance sheet, and it was all in order. We had \$2.6 million in cash. "That's the best-looking balance sheet I've ever seen," he said to nobody in particular. "I wouldn't mind having a piece of this myself." Nobody had looked at that balance sheet, myself included, without saying the same thing. Best-looking balance sheet anybody had ever seen. Of course it was. Who needs that much cash? Who wants \$2.6 million in a checking account?

And, of course, that was the absurdity of it. The first thing I did after I got back to Chicago and closed the deal with Allyn was to buy back half a million dollars of the bank loan and put another half million into short-term notes. If we needed money, I could always borrow it. That's the way business is conducted. They knew it, they knew I knew it, and I knew they knew I knew it.

It took the committee members an hour to go over everything, and when they left they were noncommittal. So we waited some more. For two and a half hours we waited.

continued

The first word we got was that since the committee had gone to MacPhail's room to talk things over, there was some sentiment among the owners to put the meeting off until the next day.

The committee finally went down to the conference room, though, and the first word to come out of the room was that the vote had gone 8-3-1 for us, which was really against us because we needed nine positive votes for approval. The only reason the vote got out while they were still meeting was that a kid named Bill Madden, who worked for Milt Richman of UPI, slipped into the anteroom and pressed his ear to the wall just in time to hear the result.

The vote was relayed up to us even before it hit the wire, a mixed blessing. "I wonder who the coward on the abstention is," said Mary Frances, who had joined me in Florida. Which wasn't as illogical as it may sound. To be voted down on an abstention was the final affront. "That shouldn't be hard to figure out," DeWitt said. "Who can you think of who likes Bill so much that he couldn't bear to vote against him?"

All jokes aside, we were thunderstruck. If the vote wasn't changed, our side fully intended to call Phil Frier and ask to have an injunction sent down in the morning forbidding the league from moving the team from Chicago.

"What do you mean tomorrow," I said. "They can wake judges up, can't they?" According to my information, MacPhail was visibly upset by the results of the vote. "You can't do this," he said. "I told them on your behalf that if they met these requirements they would be approved. You sent a committee up to look over the new financing, and your committee has reported that they have complied." I really believe that MacPhail would have resigned. He insisted that it wasn't tolerable for the issue to be determined by an abstention.

By the time Madden had got back to his listening point, John Fetzer had just taken the floor to respond to attacks that had been made against me personally. And Fetzer was incensed. Fetzer's words, as copied down by Madden, went like this:

"I've been in the league for 20 years and over that time I've seen one slipshod thing after another. We rush in here to vote and then rush out to get drinks. We've done more soul-searching on this deal than at any time before, and now that it has been set we have left these people over a barrel. We told them to go do it, and they did it. We've got to be men about this. Look, I don't like it any more than you do, but we're allowing a guy in here who has called me an s.o.b. over and over. But, gentlemen, we're just going to have to take another vote."

Fetzer carries weight. And just for the record, I have never called Fetzer or any of the others s.o.b.s because I don't use that kind of language. A few other things I've called them, yes.

The new vote was 10-2. All votes are closed and, therefore, secret, but somehow the voting always seems to get out. The three negative votes in the first go-around had been Oakland, California and Milwaukee, with Boston, for reasons that I can't understand, on the fence.

The word I got was that the two negative votes in the end were cast by Finley of the A's and Gene Autry of the Angels. Autry and Finley had left the Cleveland meeting arm in

arm after the negative vote there, prompting one of the writers to say, "They're going to sing a duet called *I'm Back in Seattle Again*." Autry had attacked me during the meeting, and he repeated his attack for the press. He would never vote for a man, he said, who had spent 15 years running down the great game of baseball and then wanted to get back in.

That's funny. He had been part of that 10-0 vote in Cleveland and he had told me personally I would be welcomed back with open arms if I met their requirements.

We didn't know there had even been a second vote until MacPhail and Garner came back up to the suite. The first words out of MacPhail's mouth were, "You have been approved with conditions."

The first condition was that we could neither buy back nor pay any dividends on the preferred stock for three years without the permission of the league. Since that happened to be one of the provisions of our bank loan, what they were really saying was that the league was going to hold us to it even if we should amend the agreement with the bank.

The second condition was that we couldn't buy back any of our stock, at any time, without the permission of the league. Since that's one of the by-laws written into the constitution of the league, what they were really saying was that they wanted me to acknowledge that I would have to come to them before I shifted anything around. I didn't like the conditions. I hollered and screamed, but in the end I accepted them.

And then I had myself a marvelous press conference.

The next day I went into action with a public trading session in the lobby of the hotel, during which I sat for 14 straight hours "operating in the open like an honest man" and making four separate trades.

(When the league held its regular meeting the following day, the first subject on the agenda was Seattle. A few weeks later in Phoenix, the league voted to expand to 13 teams.)

In the end, my new partners had done us the greatest possible favor. They had stirred up the whole city of Chicago and kept us in the headlines. Everybody thinks it's nice to have one guy fighting the Establishment—an image I had never gone out of my way to discourage—and against all odds, beat them. There was a crowd waiting at the Chicago airport to greet me upon my return, complete with brass band.

The feeling that we were all in this together is the feeling that I normally have to work very hard to create. I couldn't appear anywhere without being introduced as the savior of baseball in the city, and it was only with great effort that I was able to keep myself from saying, "Well, a saint, maybe. A wizard, certainly. But, gee, fellows, a savior?"

But, of course, the Lords of Baseball can't lose. Having failed in their effort to keep me out of baseball and White Sox baseball out of Chicago, they will now be forced to come into the city and take out larger checks than ever.

The attitude was best expressed during the trading session in the lobby when various baseball officials were terribly upset by the fact that I was drawing large crowds and, needless to say, getting a great deal of publicity.

"This is a meat market," complained Bud Selig.

"Why can't he do this in his own room?" growled Houston official John Mullen. "This is a disgrace."

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 5-7

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA: Washington was in first place in the Central division last week. The Wizards defeated Philadelphia 118-111 and Houston 111-106. Phil Chenier scored 30 points in their 111th win of the season. After a series of losses, the Wizards, who with the Knicks, the Bulls were the two worst teams in the West but being close to qualifying for a 10-point deficit to beat Portland 113-100. Milwaukee's second-year guard, Brian Winters, scored 28 points, 12 of them in overtime, to give the Bucks a 111-109 victory over New Orleans that left them 25½ games ahead of Detroit in the Midwest. Philadelphia dished Horro 121-110, with George Gervin tallying a season-high 38 points and Fred Carter adding 31. The win temporarily halted the Texas pair Buffalo into second place in the Atlantic division behind the Celtics. The Braves regained second, dishing Philadelphia 105-95, as the Buffalo Bulls held George Mikan to just four field goals. Golden State still has hopes in one way in the Pacific, although Los Angeles beat the Warriors for the first time this season, 105-97, replacing the Lakers in second place. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar scored 35 points and teammate Gus Gentry popped in 14 of his 36 points in the fourth quarter.

ABA—No longer need anyone be surprised to learn that Denver's David Thompson last shot his way into the record book. In the Nuggets' first shot his way into a 127-125 defeat of St. Louis, the rookie made 17 free throws in adding his name to yet another page. He used a league record with 25 free-thrower points, sinking each of his last eight field-goal attempts and making five of seven free throws Thompson made the leap for the first time on shot No. 11 and finished with 31 points. League high-scoring John Fries led 38 points and had 11 rebounds as the Nets beat Virginia 125-108. The Nets' victory kept them two games in front of the place in the Atlantic. The Spurs defeated Indiana 124-114 in overtime, with George Gervin scoring 37, including 17 field goals, and Jerome Sims setting 25, including the three-point shot that sent the game into the extra period. Indiana, trailing on the fifth and final jump ball, made a four-point losing streak with a 125-97 piling of San Antonio as Sam Lacey pulled down 17 rebounds, and Billy Knight, the league's No. 2 scorer, failed 11 three-pointers. The Bulls beat the Pistons 113-109 as the Bulls' No. 4 scorer, Artis Gilmore, scored 28 points.

SWIMMING—EARL ANTHONY won his second straight title, beating Tom Hudson 246-195 at the AMF Club Weber 3 Star Open in Tempe, Fla.

FOUR SEASONS—Olympic gold medalist, who all the titles at the world championships in Göteborg, Sweden. DOROTHY HAMILTON became the first American since Peggy Levy in 1968 to win the women's title. (RITA SCHENK and ALEXANDER ZAITSEV of the U.S.S.R. took their fourth consecutive pair title). JOHN CURRY of Great Britain won the men's singles, and LUDMILA PAKHOMOVA and ALEXANDER GORSHKOV of the U.S.S.R. repeated their dance title.

GOLF—DALE IRWIN beat Kermit Zarley on the fourth hole of a sudden-death playoff with the 2000-1999 Open Cup, after each shot an 18-teeer 70 at Orlando, Fla.

HOCKEY—NHL: Islander rookie Brian Trottier surpassed league record for points and assists by a rookie in a 3-1 win with Vancouver. Two assists gave 1977-78 season points, between Marcel Dionne, 1977-78 record by two, and his total of 54 assists topped teammate Dale Owen's 1976-77 season points, the same season. In an earlier 5-1 victory over California, former rookie Denis Kuchel scored his goals-scoring average to 1.94, the league's best. (Leaders would set a record with a 3-3 defeat of Washington. Patrick Leary Philadelphia's No. 1 line of 161 Marlies 1977 points. Bobby Clarke 1977-78 121 points (71) became the league's best ever with 138 goals this season. Philadelphia pulled into a second-place win with Los Angeles in the Northwest, years behind Montreal. The Bruins scored the Penguins' first shutout of the season, a 5-0 blanking of Minnesota. Two Capitals, Dennis Maruk and Fred Sed, tied the Bruins to a 4-3 defeat of Atlanta before Boston's "Bruins" first win in their last 12 games. Vancouver ousted Chicago by two points in the Stanley, as the Black Hawks lost their fourth in a row, 7-4 to St. Louis and the Canadian beat Minnesota 4-3.

WHA—Veteran Joe Bobby Hull, Gordie Howe and Mark Mahovlich split and on one in a 3-2 victory. Hull, Mahovlich, left wing for the Toronto Toros, scored twice in a 3-2 defeat of Quebec to

raise his career goal total to 601. He only trails Howe of Houston (619) and Hull of Winnipeg (622). The Toros have met with less success than Mahovlich. This season, having virtually eliminated themselves from playoff contention by conceding three of their seven, 10-40-5. Only two of the 12 scheduled games will be eliminated from postseason play. 7 to the East, with 14 games to go. Vancouver and New England exchanged the lead, with Cleveland maintaining a win edge over last-place Indianapolis. All three various wins in the Western Division should make it to the playoffs. Houston moved ahead of Phoenix by 12 points as Mark Howe scored three third-period goals to give a 3-1 tie into a 4-3 win over the Redwings.

HORSE RACING—ROYAL GLINT (34), Jorge Torres, an Arab Ancient Title by a nose to win the \$255,900 Santa Anita Handicap, covering the 1/16 miles in 2:00.4. Red November, string for his 8-1/2 mile, finished 10th on Duques (page 87).

MOTOR SPORTS—JOHNNY CECOTTO of Venezuela rode in Yamaha 750 in a one-lap victory over Gary Jones, on a Kawasaki, in the Daytona 300 Over 475.

NIKI LAUDA of Austria, driving a Ferrari 302 V, finished 12 seconds ahead of the McLaren M23 of Great Britain's James Hunt to win the South African Grand Prix in Johannesburg.

SWIMMING—Olympic gold medalist ROSI MITTLER, M.A.R. of West Germany, climbed the overall and states World Cup titles with victories in the slalom and giant slalom in Colorado (over 25). INGE MARIE NIELSEN, of Sweden, captured the women's World Cup title when she took the slalom, GRIE L. JONES of Tahoe City, Calif., won the giant slalom.

SPEED SKATING—Olympic gold medalist SHEILA YOUNG scored unprecedented wins in each of the two 100 and 1,000-meter races at the world sprint championships in Berlin, to take her third title in the last four years. JOHAN GRATH of Sweden won the men's championships. American Olympic medalist Don Imhof and Peter Mueller placed second and third in the overall standings.

All-round world champion PIET KILLINEY of the Netherlands broke endurance limits as Helge's 3,000-meter world record by nearly three seconds, being timed at 7:04.40 in Basel, West Germany.

SWIMMING—ANTIL STILLE, 14, of East Germany, swam the 200-meter freestyle in 2:14.41 to break continental Brazil's world record by 1.47 seconds, in East Berlin.

TENNIS—The U.S. won the Astra World Cup for the first time since 1971 by defeating Australia 4-1, in Hartford, Conn. (page 42).

CHRIS EVERT defeated 14-year-old Goolagong 7-5, 7-6 to win the Virginia Slims tournament in San Francisco.

TRACK & FIELD—KATHY SCHMIDT smashed her own U.S. javelin record by 5'11" with a toss of 215' 6" at the Long Beach (Calif.) Relays.

JAN MERILL won the 1,000 (4:16.0) and came in second to Russia's IRINA KONDRASHUK in the 2,000 (10:03.0) but a makeshift American team won only one of the other 25 events and lost to the U.S.S.R. 171-117, in Leningrad.

WRESTLING—REINSTATE by Russell Commissioner Bruce Kahn. GEORGE M. STEINBERG, 70, N.Y. Jrd, the Yankees' principal owner, after serving 15 months of a two-year suspension resulting from his conviction for making illegal political contributions.

RETIRED—HARMON KILLEBREW, 39, after 22 seasons in the American League—Washington (1954-55), Minnesota (1956-61) and St. Louis (1962-81) (1973)—during which he hit 572 home runs, placing him fifth on the all-time list. Killebrew will be a color commentator on Texas' broadcasts.

RETIRED—JIM RYUN, 26, world record holder in the mile (3:11.11 in 1963-75, the 2:50 (3:13) in 1967-74 and 3:00 (1:46.3) in 1968), after three different years on the professional track circuit.

SOLO—The SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS, to Robert Lane of San Francisco and Red Henson of Phoenix for 50 million. BILL HUGHES, former Giants player (1946-51) and manager (1950-61), will take the team, which will remain in San Francisco.

OHIO—"SLAPSLIP" MAXIE ROSENBLUM, 73, world light heavyweight champion (1924-26) and a character actor in more than 100 films after leaving the ring in 1939 with a 200-35-25 record, in South Pasadena, Calif., following an extended illness.

CREDITS
4—Lena Stewart 14, 12—Gloria 16th, 42—John Gagny 22, John D. Hinton, 42—Julia Kennedy 22, John D. Hinton, 42—Richard Mackinnon 59—Chris Pratt 42—Mona E. Hannon, 42—John Gagny 22—Anthony Edwards, Lena Stewart (7), Bill Hannon 50, 83—Anchorage Daily News, San Photographers

FACES IN THE CROWD



CATHY CALL, a freshman at the University of Kansas, led the women's swim team to its second straight Big Eight championship. She set conference records of 2:18.5 in the 200-yard IM and 2:01.7 in the 300 freestyle and won the 500 and 100 freestyles.



DAVE HOYER, a senior at Butler Bible High in Onda, S. Dak., capped a 20-0 season by winning his third straight state wrestling title, the Class B 135-pound championship. Hoyer's four-year record was 105-4, and he was undefeated in his last 84 matches.



ROCKY BROOKS, of Fairbanks, Alaska, won her fourth consecutive Women's World Championship Sled Dog Race in Anchorage. A week later she placed eighth among 29 in the Open World championship won by George Atile of Hunin, Alaska.



DONNA MURPHY, a senior at Newport (Ky.) High, averaged 35 points and 20 rebounds in 17 games this season. The 5'10" forward had her high game of 39 points in an 87-72 defeat of Bellevue High. As a junior she was the MVP of the state high school tournament.



DAN LAVITT, a senior at Raytown (Mo.) South High, set an all-school national high school record of 6.9 in the 50-yard high hurdles at the Big Eight indoor championships in Kansas City, Mo. He bettered by .1 the mark set in 1971 by Larry Shapp.



JACK BARNABY, 66, speech coach at Harvard, guided his 20th national collegiate championship when the Crimson defeated Yale 6-3 to win the nine-man title. Barnaby is retiring after 38 years with a 355-95 record and 21 Ivy League championships.

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

ALI VS. THE LION

Sir:

As usual, your coverage of the greatest boxer ever was perfect (*One-Nighter in San Juan*, March 1). My room is filled with SI covers of Muhammad Ali, especially those showing him against Frazer, Foreman and, now, Jean-Pierre Coquemont.

RUNNIE GREENBERG

Plainville, N.Y.

Sir:

I have never been able to understand why, when George Foreman fought five boxers in Toronto (winning all five), it was called a circus act, or when he fought King Roman and knocked him out in the first round, he was said to be fighting someone below his class, or when he got up after being knocked down twice by Ron Lyle and knocked him out, it was described as a slugfest.

Why isn't Muhammad Ali said to be fighting below his class or putting on a clown act? Ali wants to give Jimmy Young a chance at the title. Who's Young? Young fought King Roman. Ali is making a joke of what a boxing match ought to be.

MRS. ROBERT BOREM

Elkhart, Ind.

Sir:

I must commend Muhammad Ali for bringing heavyweight boxing back to home TV, even if it was only a "stay in shape" fight. I find it interesting that the champion has fought twice as many bouts during his reign as any of the top three challengers. As for Ali losing to Norton or Foreman, the only things that can defeat Muhammad are himself and age. Here's to the greatest fighter of all time.

PAUL LASECKI

Rolling Meadows, IL

SPRING TRAINING?

Sir:

The major-leaguers' softball game (*At the Big League Picnic It Was Clickers to Errors to Not a Chance*, March 1) was all in fun and for a good cause, but Luis Tiant must have written the base-running rules if Rick Manning's home run knocked in Brooks Robinson who is pictured trailing Manning across the plate.

HOWEY CAULMAN

North Providence, R.I.

Sir:

I give up. How could Rick Manning hit a home run, knocking in Brooks Robinson,

and then have Robinson follow him across home plate? I knew Brooks was slow and Rick was fast, but this is ridiculous.

HANK WELLS

Columbus, Ga.

• The only thing Robinson followed was tradition by awaiting Manning at the plate, congratulating him on his homer and then allowing him to lead the way to the bench for more handshakes.—ED.

Sir:

I have two comments: 1) The way things are now, the entire major league season may go much as that afternoon in Boca Raton did. and 2) You should receive the prize for the longest title for the shortest article.

PHIL ARMSTRONG

Muncie, Ind.

AGE OF AQUARISTS

Sir:

I was dismayed and upset to find the article on saltwater aquariums (*Providing Local Color*, March 1) by Rick Telander in your magazine. The fact that the ocean is polluted does not make it all right to capture tropical fish for pleasure and profit. Two wrongs still do not make a right.

And how astute to say, "Captured fish go where they are wanted." Of course they do. But losses are incalculable, although in this case SI can report that 50% of the tropical fish die during long-distance transport. The idea of using an aquarium of tropical fish as an "icebreaker" in a singles bar or as a room divider in a clever bachelor's apartment really needs no comment. It is, however, a shameful reflection on man and his disregard for his natural surroundings.

As for the concluding comment that a fish can do worse than frighten someone's dentist visit, it could likewise be said that a bear can do worse than end up as a rug, a whale can do worse than end up as a cosmetic.

Why doesn't man in all his zeal for tropical fish invest his time and money in scuba diving and snorkeling, so he can see fish in their natural caverns and then swim away, leaving them for future generations?

CYNTHIA WARD HENKESSEN

Pelham, N.Y.

Sir:

I suggest that Rick Telander be sentenced to two weeks inside a saltwater aquarium or two weeks of constant drilling in a dentist's office. In his last *Clyde's Log*, the newsletter

of the Cousteau Society, Captain Cousteau cites the increasing destruction of coral reefs and the difficulties involved in attempting to keep saltwater animals alive outside of their natural environment. He makes the excellent suggestion that aquarium fanciers acquire only those species that can be bred in captivity.

PETER K. MEYER

Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Arguments about the relative merits of keeping freshwater versus saltwater fish are nonproductive at best, but it is unfortunate that SI would say, "With a mixing bowl, two glasses of water and a 69¢ goldfish you can have a freshwater aquarium." With those components, what you would have is a mixing bowl, two glasses of water and a goldfish with a life expectancy of two or three days.

Except for the preparation of synthetic seawater, the equipment, the problems, the satisfactions and, incidentally, the costs involved in maintaining fresh- and saltwater aquariums are quite similar.

W. E. GREG

Somerset, N.J.

ON POSSUMS

Sir:

A six-page article on fish and another nine pages on possums (*His Tone Has Come*, March 1) is this a once-a-year deviation or is it what I am to expect in future issues?

NORMAN L. EDICK

Cedar, Mich.

Sir:

Your March 1 issue was the best in a long time. It had something for everyone.

TIM EVERTSEN

Latham, N.Y.

ANEMI

Sir:

Please tell Harvey Nathan, who wrote (March 1) about SI's "giant error," that he made an error. Italy's Piero Gros won the slalom in the Olympics, true, but it was Henne Hemmi, not "Hemmi Heini," who won the giant slalom.

KATHY BAAN

Princeton Junction, N.J.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LUX Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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OFFICIAL RULES

Contest began February 2, 1976.

All Junior High Schools and Senior High Schools in a 100 mile radius of Chicago are eligible to win KISS in a free rock concert in your school... Void where prohibited.

Students are to collect and save wrappers from any M&M/MARS candies or facsimiles (the names of any M&M/MARS candies hand-printed on 3"x5" pieces of paper.)

Written names must appear as follows: MILKY WAY Bar—3 MUSKETEERS Bar—SNICKERS Chocolate Peanut Bar—MUNCH Peanut Bar—M&M's Plain Chocolate Candies—M&M's Peanut Chocolate Candies—MARS Almond Bar—SNIK SNAK Siks—MARATHON Bar—FOREVER YOURS Bar. No mechanical reproductions permitted.

The school that collects the most entries per student will win a rock concert and \$1000 in scholarship money.

1st Runnerup wins \$500 in scholarship money and a \$500 record library.

2nd Runnerup wins \$250 in scholarship money and a \$250 record library.

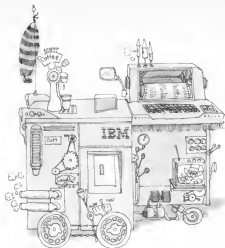
All schools must notify WCFL in writing before March 15, 1976, that it intends to participate and that its entry has the approval of the appropriate school official.

The contest ends Saturday, April 17, 1976. Each entry must (a) contain the count of the wrappers or facsimiles; (b) be packaged in small cartons or boxes in such a way that the boxes or cartons will not break open. No plastic bag containers will be acceptable; (c) contain in legible print on each box or carton the name of the school and the number of wrappers or facsimiles in the particular box or carton.

The location of the Collection Centers will be announced on the air and an official list will be made available and mailed to each school that enters the contest on or before April 1, 1976.

The Winning Schools will be notified on or about April 25, 1976. The concert will be held Tuesday, May 4, 1976 in the gym or the auditorium of the winning school for the student body and faculty.





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Many distillers blend before aging,

with whiskies that are new and uncertain. Then they wait for years, while their product develops its taste at the mercy of nature. The result is often a taste they settle for, instead of a standard they set.

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